ALL THE NEWS IN The Herald FIRST

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

The Herald A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE

VOL. XXII. NO. 86 PORTSMOUTH, N. H., THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1907. The Portsmouth Daily Republican merged with The Herald, July 1, 1902. PRICE 2 CENTS

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

MISTAKE PROBABLE IN REGARD TO NEW MAIL

Various Items of Social And Personal Interest

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, Jan. 10.

The third mail went into effect this morning, but nothing arrived at the Kittery postoffice, nor has the schedule arrived. A large mail reached the Kittery Point office at 8.20 and the schedule received there states that it will leave at 1.10.

Some mistake has evidently been made, for it seems hard to believe that a closed pouch service would be maintained for Kittery Point alone, when it is more needed here.

The snow sqaull which struck here at eleven o'clock Wednesday morning was the fiercest seen for a long time. It is generally remarked that these squalls "mean business" and the cold snap of today fully justifies the forecast. A temperature of zero was reached at many houses.

A regular meeting of St. Aspinquid Tribe of Red Men will be held on Friday evening at Grange Hall.

Tug Iva, Capt. Thomas Abrams, today began her duties as tender to the lighter at Henderson's Point.

W. D. Gage has returned from a tour of Europe and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Newson of Government street.

The masquerade ball which was to be given by the Incognito Club on Jan. 16 has been postponed until the thirtieth, in order to accomodate certain members of the club.

There were nine candidates for the position of pilot on the ferry boat, No. 132, an examination for which was held at the navy yard on Wednesday.

Fremont Allen of South Berwick was a visitor in town today.

Mrs. Lizzie Rowe of Eliot is visiting friends in town.

Kittery Point

A heavy ground sea has prevailed outside for a number of days so that entrance into the Merrimack River has been impossible. This morning, there were three barges bound to Newburyport in port, the Shenandoah from Philadelphia, Blue Bird from Perth Amboy and C. R. R. of N. J., No. 6, from Port Johnson.

William A. Bowman remains ill at his home in Foye's lane.

The condition of Capt. Amos Rand is improved.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Free Baptist Church met on Wednesday evening with Mrs. Horace M. Setward.

State Fish and Game Warden George Cushman, who has been in town "deer hunting", has returned to Portland.

PETIT JURORS

Who Will Serve at the January Term of Court

The following petit jurors were drawn on Wednesday evening to serve at the January term of superior court at Exeter:

Ward One—John H. White, William T. Entwistle.

Ward Two—J. P. Sweetser, J. W. Parker.

Ward Three—Robert J. Churchill, John Hallam.

Ward Four—Horace W. Gray.

Ward Five—William H. Dunn.

BIRTH

A son has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Becker of New Castle.

DAYS OF GOOD CHANCES EVERY DAY THIS WEEK AT THE

JANUARY SALE OF

Geo. B. French Co

BEYOND QUESTION THE MONEY SAVING EVENT OF THE ENTIRE YEAR.

AS THE LIST OF BARGAINS IS A LENGTHY ONE WE ONLY MENTION

MEN'S UNLAUNDERED SHIRTS, small and large sizes, regular price 50c, for..25c

WINDOW SHADES, various colors in odd lots, regular price 25c, for 12 1-2c

LIGHT SHIRTING PRINTS, fast colors, united yards, worth 5c. for.....4c

CHILDREN'S WINTER VESTS, all sizes, sold regularly at 25c, now 12 1-2c

OUTING FLANNELS, extremely in season, well worth 8c, sale price...6 1-2c

MEN'S UNDERWEAR, odd lot in the Brown Mixed, at 1-2 price.....12 1-2c

FURS at prices to make sure clearance. A fine chance to secure them at.....1-2

LADIES' SUITS—Money saved here—Suits in Colors and in Black.

WAISTS—In this sale the best White Muslin Waists ever shown for $1.00

LADIES' PRINT WRAPPERS, to close odd lots less than 1-2 price 50c

TABLE OIL CLOTH, 1 1-4 yards wide, usual selling price 19c, sale price.....12 1-2c

BROWN FLANNEL SUITING, the 54 inch width, worth 75c, for..... 35c

LONG KIMONAS of Extra Fleeced Flannelette, marked from $3.98 to...$1.98

TABLE LINENS in Satin Bleached, 58 inches wide, extra for.....55c

LADIES' BLACK CASHMERE HOSE, sizes 8 1-2 to 10, worth 25c, for.....15c

TAPESTRY TABLE COVERS, various colors, fringed, 4-4 size.....69c, 75c, $1.00

CORSETS, various lots that are sold usually at $2.00 and $2.50, now $1.00

RIBBONS, an assortment of White and Black Satin, 6 inch Ribbons that sold at 50c now only 12 1-2c

RUGS—The "Nabob" Rug, 30x60.....$1.00

VELVET TAPESTRY RUGS, 18x30, for.....50c

The advantages of OUR JANUARY SALE will be marked and emphasized during the present week with genuine bargains. Customers will find interesting lots of merchandise at

Prices Exceptionally Low

SOLONS AT WORK

State Legislators Are Now Getting Busy

IMPORTANT BILLS REFERRED TO COMMITTEES

Notices Of Many Others Presented In The House

THE CONTESTED ELECTION CASES TAKE UP CONSIDERABLE TIME

(From Our Special Correspondent)

Concord, Jan. 10—Contested election cases took up a great deal of time in the House on Wednesday. Among those who ask seats in the House is Harry deRochemont of Newington and petitions to unseat present members and put other men in their places were received from Ward Five, Manchester, Ward Six, Nashua, Enfield and Sandown. All these petitions are being considered by the committee on elections.

Rev. J. E. Robbins of Manchester was elected chaplain, in accordance with the report of the special committee.

Notices of the first bills to be presented by a Portsmouth member were given on Wednesday by Representative Whitman, who has two measures. One seek to repeal sections 10 and 11, chapter 61, laws of 1901 and substitute new sections; the other provides for the repeal of sections 17 and 18, chapter 92, public statutes, relating to truant officers and the substitution of new sections.

The bill of Mr. Clements of Nashua for the suppression of the brown-tail and gypsy moths was referred to the committee on judiciary. The act compels owners of trees to remove moth nests every year or to pay the cost of removing them in case the work is done by city or town agents.

The judiciary committee is also considering the act of Mr. Hurd of Manchester for the protection of children and the bill of Mr. Haskell of Claremont relating to apprentices.

Other measures in the hands of this committee are as follows:

The act regulating the issuance of railroad passes, prohibiting the use of free passes by public officials and making the issuance of passes to such officials a penal offense, presented by Mr. Baker of Bow.

The act prohibiting unjust discrimination in the transportation of passengers by railroads, prohibiting the issuance of free passes to any except railroad employes and people in adversity and ordering a correct record to be open at all times to the inspection of the attorney general and county solicitors, presented by Mr. Benton of Keene.

Mr. Benton's act providing for the registration of party members and for the nomination of party candidates by direct popular vote was tabled to be printed.

The fisheries and game committee has the bill of Mr. Adams of Marlborough providing that damage done by deer and other protected animals shall be paid from the state treasury upon the order of town selectmen.

The bill of Mr. Barker of Rochester amending section 14, chapter 63, laws of 1907, in relation to the practice of medicine was referred to the committee on public health.

The act of Mr. Buffum of Winchester amending chapter 20, laws of 1903, relating to teachers' institutes went to the committee on education.

Two other bills of Mr. Buffum were referred to the committee on revision of statutes. One provides for the making of town boards of selectmen continuous, one member being chosen each year for a term of three years; the other provides that Election day shall not be a holiday for public schools.

The committee on public health is considerin gthe act of Mr. Ahearn of Concord providing for the state registration of nurses.

The Manchester delegation was given the bills of Representative Lang of that city calling for the election of police, street and park commissioners by the people.

A resolution for a committee of ten to consider a new apportionment for the assessment of public taxes, offered by Mr. Fay of Keene, was adopted.

Notices of new bills include acts extending municipal suffrage to women by Mr. Whitcher of Haverhill; amending the public statutes relating to trustee process by Mr. Ahearn of Manchester; amending the statutes in regard to hearings before railroad commissioners by Mr. Lucier of Nashua; amending the statutes relating to allowances to wives, defining the duties of grand juries and amending the statutes relating to trespasses and malicious injuries by Mr. Lucier; providing for better protection for public burying grounds and better protection of fish and game by Mr. Prescott of Concord; preventing the unlawful wearing of the badge of the Grand Army or other soldier organizations by Mr. Story of Hillsborough.

Another bill is that to be presented by Mr. Daley of Concord, amending section 14, chapter 180, of the public statutes, relating to the employment of women and children.

Mr. Keenan of Dover wants armories built in Dover, Concord, Nashua and Keene.

Mr. Buffum of Winchester seeks to provide for the protection of boys.

The bills of Mr. Whitcher of Haverhill and Mr. Wadleigh of Milford providing for primary elections were recalled in the afternoon from the committee on revision of statutes and ordered printed. The bill relating to holidays was recalled from the committee on revision of statutes and sent to that on education.

In the Senate, Mr. Shedd introduced an act calling for the same action in regard to the badges of soldier organizations as that demanded by Representative Story.

Senator Chase has acts to prevent the docking of horses and the sale of unfit animals.

James A. Loughlin of Dover has been appointed telephone messenger for the Senate.

The Rockingham county delegation has organized with Mr. Anderson of Exeter as chairman and Mr. Hodgdon of Portsmouth as clerk.

ABOLISH CARLISLE

Such Startling Suggestion Of Senate Sub-Committee

Washington, Jan. 10—Carlisle Institute, which was established at Carlisle, Pa., in 1879 for the higher education of the Indian, is in danger of being abolished. The sub-committee of the Senate committee on Indian affairs, which has the Indian appropriation bill under consideration, has agreed to report an amendment striking out the appropriation for this school. The reason advanced by the members of the committee is that a school so far away from Indian reservations is not so effective as the western educational institutions for the Indians.

The appropriation bill, as it passed the House, carried $169,000 for the support of the school during the ensuing year. The members of the sub-committee are not confident that the Senate will accept the amendment, or even that the full committee will follow its suggestion, but they will make an effort to have it adopted. If they fail, a movement will have been started that eventually will bring about the abolishment of the school.

One member of the committee said today that while he was not ready to say that the higher education of the Indian had been a failure, he could not overlook the fact that few instances could be cited where the Indian had made the most of the benefits of his schooling.

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)

Washington, Jan. 10—Fair and somewhat warmer weather and west to southwest winds are indicated for Friday.

ANDERSON—CAMPBELL

Rasmus A. Anderson of Portsmouth and Ina May Campbell of Bangor, Me., were recently married by Rev. George W. Gile.

BURNHAM THE MAN

Choice Of Republican Caucus For U. S. Senator

NECESSARY FOR CHOICE 137, BURNHAM HAD 194

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Concord, Jan. 9.—The Republican legislative caucus held here this evening insures the re-election to the United States Senate of the present incumbent, Hon. Henry E. Burnham of Manchester, whose name was placed in nomination by John Scammon of Exeter, president of the Senate.

The vote follows:

Total number of votes cast	273
Necessary for a choice	137
Henry E. Burnham had	194
Frank D. Currier had	31
George B. Leighton had	28
Henry M. Baker had	14
R. W. Pillsbury had	3
John McLane had	1
W. E. Chandler had	1
C. B. Jordan had	1

Congressman Currier's name was placed in nomination by J. C. Bennett of Keene, Mr. Leighton's by W. S. Pearson of Dover, and Hon. H. M. Baker's by himself.

The balloting was all over at twenty minutes of ten o'clock.

There was every evidence of good feeling during the caucus. Mr. Scammon, Mr. Benton and Mr. Pearson were warmly applauded, as was Mr. Baker, when he placed his own name before the caucus. In fact, Mr. Baker's speech was received with enthusiasm.

There were a great many people in the hall besides the legislators. The gallery was crowded and every seat on the floor was taken. The roll call showed that 268 Republican members of the Legislature had assembled to make choice of a United States senator.

Upon the announcement of the result of the vote, Senator Entwistle of Portsmouth moved that Chairman Mason appoint a committee to escort Senator Burnham to the hall. Mr. Entwistle, Mr. Fairbanks of Dover and Mr. Hollis of Concord were requested to seek out Mr. Burnham and that gentleman appeared in the hall at fifteen minutes before eleven. He was enthusiastically greeted.

In accepting the nomination, Mr. Burnham spoke as follows:

"I would first make grateful acknowledgement of the distinguished honor that has for a second time been conferred upon me. No words of mine are adequate to convey the deep emotions that your action has inspired and my thanks are most sincerely expressed to every member of this great body and to my other friends who have with steadfast devotion and a loyalty unsurpassed, sustained and made successful my candidacy.

"I promise you the best return I can make and that is that our beloved state shall always find in me a constant and zealous advocate of all her rights and the rights of all her citizens, while the supreme authority and power of our great nation shall be the object of my earnest solicitude and my loyal support to the end that the republic may continue to be as she is today the foremost nation of all the world.

"As a Republican from the birthday of the party, more than forty years ago, I shall advocate and support by every proper means its supremacy in the state and nation, knowing that the interests of both can best be advanced by the principles and policies of that party.

"During the past six years in the great office I have held I have devoted all my time and energies to the interests of our people, and if your nomination of this evening is ratified on Tuesday next I shall continue to do so.

"The great principle of our party, protection, shall always have my support, because that has in so large a degree given the republic the wondrous prosperity that today is the marvel of the world, securing fair employment to all labor and profitable investment to capital.

"I shall earnestly favor, as in the past, the gold standard which has established a currency by which every dollar is the equal of every other and which has laid the foundation for business activity and success.

"I have supported and shall stand by the strong, able and patriotic administration of our great leader, President Roosevelt, and shall favor all measures that are for the interest of the people of the republic.

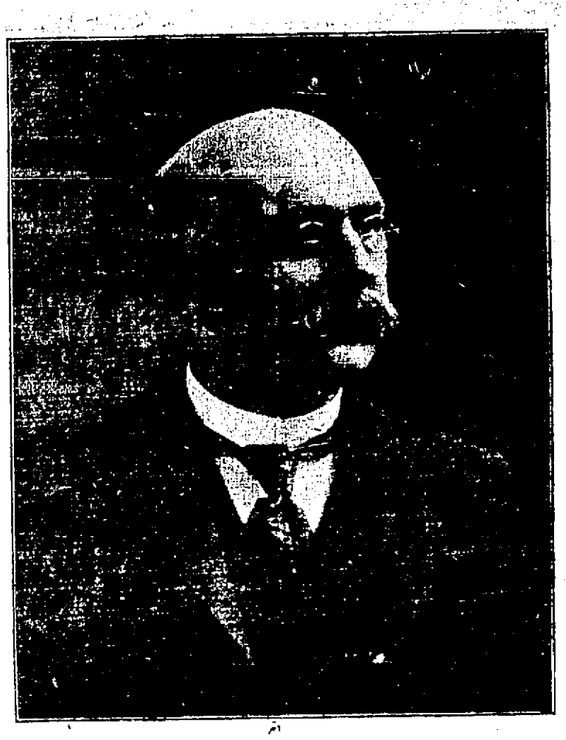
"As a citizen I am cordially in sympathy with every progressive and helpful movement that will make the Granite State better and more prosperous. I favor the pledges given to the people in our recent party platform adapted without dissent by 800 delegates in convention assembled, and I heartily approve the able and appropriate message of our governor.

"I accept the nomination that has just now been tendered me by this assembly, and with every assurance of personal esteem and with renewed expressions of my most heartfelt thanks I will add only the hope and trust that the blessings of heaven may attend you all through your future lives."

This statement was sent out from the headquarters of Mr. Leighton:

"There is nothing special to say in regard to the result. The Legislature has expressed its willingness to continue to act under the domination of the railroad in the election of a United States senator, although it was apparent that if it could have been free to express the sentiment which was in evidence during the caucus the result might have been different.

"Mr. Leighton has nothing to regret or apologize for in the conduct of his campaign. He has made a clean, honest fight, on a platform broad and progressive in spirit and purpose. He appreciates the support of loyal friends who were with him in his canvass."



Hon. Henry E. Burnham, Choice of the Caucus

A MURDER TRIAL

Of General Interest At Baton Rouge

CONGRESSMAN-ELECT IS THE DEFENDANT

For The Alleged Killing Of His Lifelong Friend

AS IN THAW CASE, THE "UNWRITTEN LAW" IS INVOLVED

Baton Rouge, La., Jan. 10.—Throughout this section the one topic of discussion just now is the trial of Representative-elect George K. Favrot for the alleged murder of Dr. R. H. Aldrich, his college classmate, lifelong friend and family physician. The case resembles the Thaw case in New York, in that both involve "the unwritten law." But the two cases are entirely dissimilar in respect to the reputation of the principals. In the Favrot case, up to the day of the tragedy, all those chiefly concerned were of unimpeachable reputation and of highest standing in the community. At the time of the killing Favrot was district judge and about the same time was elected a representative in Congress. The victim, until a short time before his death, was a physician of high standing and known as a religious, abstemious man.

Different stories are told of the events and causes that led up to the tragedy. It is averred by his friends that Dr. Aldrich possessed a secret regarding the wife of Favrot and that the knowledge greatly oppressed him. It is related that he appealed to a fellow physician that he go to Judge Favrot and reveal it to him. Dr. Aldrich spoke of his anguish and of his reluctance to destroy confidences reposed in a woman, yet he felt as a friend he could no longer preserve silence. It is said that the doctor appealed to finally consented and this brought on the tragedy.

But the friends of Judge Favrot give an entirely different version of the case. They affirm that Dr. Aldrich, while intoxicated, was not so careful in his speech as he should have been, and made boasts that involved the good name of a woman. The usual talebearer hurried to Favrot and informed him of the alleged reflections cast by Dr. Aldrich.

The tragedy occurred November 7 last. The returns from the election were still coming in when the representative-elect walked down Capitol street. On his way numerous friends stopped him and congratulated him on his victory. Judge Favrot thanked them, apparently as collected as ever. Leaving a group of his friends he crossed the street and entered the Raymond building. Hardly had he disappeared within the door when a pistol shot was heard, followed by another, and a third. The first to reach the scene found the body of Dr. Aldrich stretched upon the floor, with Judge Favrot, pistol in hand, looking coolly on. The physician had just descended the stairs from his office on the second floor when met by the volley of bullets that instantly killed him.

Judge Favrot has consistently refused to make public the facts that led up to the killing except to let it be known that he killed the physician because the latter had traduced Mrs. Favrot's character. In circles known to be friendly to the Aldrich family the belief is expressed that Dr. Aldrich was a martyr; that he sacrificed his life in an unwise attempt to show his deep friendship for Judge Favrot and to reveal to him a secret with which he thought his friend ought to be made acquainted. Others express the opinion that Favrot "got the wrong man," and that he realized his error too late. Others, including some who declare they have a knowledge of the inside facts, stoutly maintain that Judge Favrot was justified in taking the law into his own hands.

Mrs. Favrot, the supposed cause of the tragedy, has been a leader in the social life of Baton Rouge. Her home has been one of the most elegant in the city and there the politicians have found hospitable greeting. Mrs. Favrot took an active part in her husband's campaign for Congress when he defeated Col. "Sam" Robertson, who had represented the Sixth district for a dozen years. In connection with the killing of Dr. Aldrich Mrs. Favrot has not uttered one word for publication. Under the Louisiana laws she cannot be compelled to testify against her husband.

The Favrot family has retained a formidable array of eminent counsel to assist in the defense. The list of headed by Judge T. J. Kernan of this city, who is recognized as one of the greatest exponents of "the unwritten law" in America and whose address before the recent meeting of the American Bar Association at St. Paul attracted widespread attention. Judge Kernan formulates the "unwritten law" system into ten cardinal laws, the fourth of which is:

"Any man who traduces a virtuous woman's character may be shot with impunity by her or her husband or any near relative. But the offender must first be given an opportunity to deny and disprove the charge or to retract and apologize."

From this it is evident that the point upon which the present trial will turn is the question as to whether Dr. Aldrich was given an opportunity to "deny and disprove the charge" or to retract and apologize."

A BOLD STEP.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broadcast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has absolutely and completely removed his medicines from among secret nostrums of doubtful merits, and made them *Remedies of Known Composition*.

They are now in a class all by themselves--being absolutely and in every sense Non-secret.

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulas are of such excellence that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

So many false formulas and malicious statements concerning his medicines had been published through the connivance of jealous competitors and disgruntled doctors, that Dr. Pierce determined to completely disarm his assailants by a full and frank statement of their exact composition, verifying the same under oath as complete and correct. This he has done and to the complete discomfiture of those who had assailed his good name as well as the well-earned reputation of his world-famed medicines.

Not only does the wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, torpid liver or biliousness and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it, *in plain English*, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing *in the strongest possible terms*, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this booklet it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral agents or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from native, medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, over-worked, "run-down," nervous and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago by the Indians for similar ailments affecting their squaws. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was known to the Indians as "Squaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of not a few of our most valuable native, medicinal plants was gained from the Indians.

As made up by improved and exact processes, and with the use of specially designed chemical apparatus, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health.

The *exact proportion* of the several ingredients used in these medicines, as well as the working formula and peculiar processes, apparatus and appliances employed in their manufacture, are withheld from publicity that Dr. Pierce's proprietary rights may not be infringed and trespassed upon by unprincipled imitators and those who may be piratically inclined.

Dr. John Fyfe, of Saugatuck, Conn., Editor of the Department of Therapeutics in THE ELECTRIC REVIEW says of Unicorn root (*Helonias Dioica*) one of the chief ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription: "A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator and always favors a condition which makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system, cannot fail to be of great usefulness and of the utmost importance to the general practitioner of medicine."

"Helonias more fully answers the above purposes *than any other drug with which I am acquainted*. In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent."

"The following are among the leading indications for Helonias: Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhea; atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women, constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys: menorrhagia, ("flooding") due to a weakened condition of the reproductive system; amenorrhea, arrising from or accompanying an abnormal condition of the digestive organs and an anemic (thin blood) habit; dragging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."

If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no invalid women can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is rich in all the medicinal properties of Unicorn root or Helonias.

MEN AND WOMEN

should have a medical book handy. They should know about anatomy and physiology. They should have a book that treats of the sexological relations of the sexes as well as how and when to advise son and daughter. Has unequaled endorsement of the press, ministry, legal and medical professions. A standard work is the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R. V. Pierce, M. D. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound book, or 21 stamps for the paper-covered volume. Address Doctor R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Seaboard Air Line Bonds

Portsmouth, Va., Jan. 10.—Holders of the stock and voting trust certificates of the Seaboard Air Line Railway meet today to approve the plan of the directors to issue $18,000,000 of 5 per cent. bonds. It is proposed to use the bonds in paying off the three year 5s due next March and taking up the notes of the company, as well as to provide for future development of the property. The holders of stock and voting trust certificates are to have the right of subscribing to the new issue at 90 and interest to the extent of 12 per cent. of their holdings.

* * *

Chess Master's Tournament

Vienna, Jan. 10. The most notable master's tournament held since that at Nuremberg opens today under the auspices of the Vienna Chess Club. The competitors include Maroczy, Schlechter, Marco, Dr. Perlis, Wolf, Berger, Vidmar, Baras, Tartakower, Lowy, Mieses and Spielmann.

* * *

Farm Topics Discussed

Topeka, Kan., Jan. 10. At the sessions of this, the second day of the annual meeting of the state board of agriculture, papers will be presented as follows: "The Sugar Beet Industry in Kansas," R. P. Davis, Garden City; "Tuberculosis in Cattle," Prof. H. L. Russell, Wisconsin College of Agriculture; "Corn Growing," M. Mathewson, Topeka; "Why Not Sheep in Kansas?" George M. Wilber, president of Ohio Live Stock Association; "Feeding Beet Pulp to Cattle," James A. Lockhart, Colorado Springs, Colo.; "What More May Farmers Do?" C. W. Burkett, director of Kansas experiment station.

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Lake Carriers' Meeting

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 10.—At the Hotel Cadillac today the ship owners of Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Milwaukee and other ports on the great lakes assemble for the annual meeting of the Lake Carriers' association. The meeting will discuss wages, conditions of labor and other matters, preparatory to the joint conference with the seamen to formulate an agreement for the coming season.

* * *

Civic Federation Meeting

Boston, Mass., Jan. 10.—Considerable interest is manifested in the second annual meeting this evening of the Civic Federation of New England. President Lucius Tuttle of the Boston and Maine railroad is to preside and the discussion will be on "Wage Earners' Life Insurance and Old Age Annuities."

* * *

Choice Of Secretary

Washington, D. C., Jan. 10.—The board of regents of the Smithsonian institution met today to discuss the choice of a secretary to succeed the late Professor Langley. Among those whose names are being considered, though they are not applicants for the place, are David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford university; Charles R. Van Hise, president of the University of Wisconsin; Charles D. Walcott, director of the United States Geological Survey; Charles E. Bessey, a noted scientist, and Dr. L. O. Howard, chief entomologist of the Department of Agriculture.

* * *

Diplomatic Dinner At White House

Washington, D. C., Jan. 10.—At the White House tonight the President and Mrs. Roosevelt are to give the second state dinner of the winter. The diplomatic corps will be the honored body, and more than 40 covers will be laid.

The second meeting of the new city council will be held this evening.

PUZZLING CASE

Is That Of The Fernalds At Everett, Mass.

Jackson, N. H., Jan. 9.—The authorities in charge of investigating the deaths of George Fernald and his son Elmer at Everett, Mass., have decided to send the vital organs of each to the Harvard medical school for examination for poison that might have caused death.

This decision was arrived at last night after the autopsy on the elder was completed, and has caused friction between the remaining members of the family here and the officials, the former wanting the organs sent to the Dartmouth medical school. The authorities, however, prefer to have the work done in Massachusetts, because of the greater facilities there, the standing of Prof. Whitney and the fact that any prosecution if such there be, will have to be in the courts of Middlesex county, the deaths and crime, if any, having occurred there.

The autopsy on the body of George Fernald was begun this morning by Medical Referee E. W. Hodgdon and Drs. George H. and John Z. Shedd. It is probable that this evening the exhibits will be sent to Boston.

Just what basis there is for the exhumation and examination of the bodies is not clear unless it be the talk that has been made by the sons of George and brothers of Elmer Fernald. These are George N., the village blacksmith, Edward N., who lives in the old homestead on Iron mountain, and Lester who lives at Stowe. Edward, the second son, attended the funeral at Everett with other members of the family and since his return the family have been open in declaring the cases looked suspicious to them. The county authorities finally decided to take action.

According to the story told by Edward, the first knowledge the members of the family here had of any trouble was in the form of a telegram, announcing that "Elmer is dead and father is dying," signed "Margaret." The latter was the wife of Elmer. They claim that when they went to Everett they were able to find out very little about the death of either, and that the room where the former was supposed to have been burned to death showed few traces of fire.

Instigated By Jealousy, Miss McLeod Asserts

According to the police of Everett, Undertaker Goudey, Medical Examiner Thomas Durell of Somerville and the physicians who attended the elder Fernald and Mrs. Fernald, both died from natural causes. The son Elmer E. Fernald, they say, met his death from burning. All three died within a week of each other. The Everett police have taken no action in the matter and do not intend to.

George M. Fernald, the father, it is stated, was a sick man when he reached his son's residence the night before Christmas, and Mrs. Fernald, who had been ill for a long time, was in her deathbed when the aged father called. The untimely death of Elmer Fernald preyed upon the mind of the father. The death of the latter and George M. Fernald, hastened Mrs. Fernald's death, it is contended.

Miss Ada McLeod, who is a nurse and a sister of Mrs. Fernald, says she believes George M. Fernald instigated the exhuming of the bodies. She says he is jealous because her father had probably willed what little real estate he had in Jackson to her.

Miss McLeod says she understands all kinds of sickness and knew her sister could not live very long. She also says that she knew that the elder Fernald could not live long, as he was already suffering from a shock and that after he arrived his death was hastened by the demise of his son, who was his favorite child.

Miss McLeod asserts there is no ground whatever for suspicion regarding the deaths.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

To Be Held In Stratham Town Hall On Saturday

The following will be the program of the teachers' institute to be held in Stratham Saturday:

Morning

9.30 Devotional exercises, Rev. Bernard Copping, Stratham.
9.45 Arithmetic, Supt. E. L. Silver, Portsmouth.
10.30 Reading, Supt. A. H. Keyes, Dover.
11.15 Questions and general discussion.

Afternoon

1.30 Miscellaneous suggestions for rural schools, Dist. Supt. R. J. Sisk.
2.15 Writing, Supt. Keyes.
3.00 A talk to teachers, Supt. Silver.

Evening

7.30 The public schools, Supt. Sisk.

DEAF HEARD AGAIN

Astonishing Demonstration Made By Cooper

YOUNG MAN GIVES SAMPLE OF WORK WHICH AROUSED THE EAST

St. Louis, Jan. 9.

On Wednesday afternoon some remarkable demonstrations were given in public by T. L. Cooper, or the "Great Cooper," as he is called, who is introducing for the first time in St. Louis, the preparations which created a sensation in eastern cities.

The demonstrations took place at Mr. Cooper's headquarters and were witnessed by several hundred people. As nearly as could be learned the facts were these:

At three o'clock in the afternoon the young man agreed to show what one of his remedies would do for deafness, and agreed to make any one present who was afflicted with deafness hear again in less than three minutes.

There were many deaf people present and about a dozen of these were given the demonstration, consisting of a single application of one of the Cooper preparations.

The hearing of these people was then tested after an interval of between two and three minutes. The test consisted of questions put to them in an ordinary conversational tone at distances varying from five to thirty feet.

The results were remarkable in the extreme. Some of these people who were treated had been deaf for a number of years. When the first question was asked a look of amazement would spread over their faces and they would forget to answer the question. As the questions were repeated the surprised look would give way to one of delight. Many were so affected that they burst into tears and were scarcely able to answer the question.

In no single instance, so far as could be learned would an individual fail to hear. Many were able to hear a finger snap at a distance of thirty feet. At the request of Mr. Cooper questions were put to them by their friends or by various spectators in an ordinary tone of voice and the questions were readily answered.

In giving an account of these demonstrations, Mr. Cooper said:

"The preparation used is not the one with which I accomplish most, as my New Discovery, as it is called, and to which I owe my success is to the treatment of all forms of stomach trouble and the general breaking down of the system that follows in the wake of disease of this character.

"The stomach is the seat of a great many troubles, for instance, my remedy will relieve thousands of people of rheumatism in this city, simply by getting the stomach in working order."

Many people seen who were present at this demonstration assert positively that Cooper undoubtedly made these deaf people hear again.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At And Departures From Our Harbor January 9

Arrived

Schr. Clarence H. Venner, Baker, Philadelphia for Portland, with coal.
Tug Teaser, Calhoun, Philadelphia, towing barge J. B. King No. 19, with 2000 tons of coal.

Cleared

Barge Oak Hill, Philadelphia.
Barge No. 15, Baltimore.

Sailed

Schr. Marion N. Cobb, New York.
Schr. Clarence H. Venner, Portland.
Tug Lehigh, towing barges Beverly and Bath, for Portland.
Tug Teaser, Boston.
Northwest gale.

Telegraphic Shipping Notes

Boston, Jan. 9.—In port, barge C. R. R. of N. J., No. 3, Port Johnson for Portsmouth.

Baltimore, Jan. 9.—In port, schr. Henry O. Barrett, Danton, for Portsmouth or Boston.

Nobska, Jan. 9.—Anchored off, schrs. Marie Palmer, Campbell, Baltimore for Portsmouth; Addison E. Bullard, Worden, Philadelphia for Portsmouth.

Vineyard Haven, Jan. 8.—Sailed, schr. Jonathan Sawyer, Reynolds, New York.

Wilmington, N. C., Jan. 8.—Cleared, schrs. John J. Hanson, Whitney, New York.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

First Use of Side Saddle.

A correspondent of the London Mail says that women always rode astride until Queen Elizabeth, in order to show a magnificent dress upon a certain state occasion, rode sidewise, and so set the fashion.

Fractions.

Georgie found fractions very troublesome. When the teacher asked him which he preferred, a half or a third of a pie, he innocently said he supposed it would be easier to have the whole pie.

And Then Some.

It is said that the immortal lines beginning, "Mother may I go out to swim?" are 1,300 years old. Multiplying 1,300 by 1,300 will show the number of times they have been parodied.

Gives Peace of Mind.

There is nothing that makes a really good woman so triumphantly virtuous as to go out to dinner and have something wrong with her hostess' cooking.—New York Press.

First Catalogue of Stars.

The first catalogue of stars was published in 1509 by Tycho Brahe. It contained 777 fixed stars. The number now visible to the naked eye is over 6,000.

Unique, Indeed.

A western man keeps a record book in which he enters every quarrel with his wife, cause, and which won out. This is something decidely unique in the way of a scrap book.

How True!

"Many a feller," said Uncle Josh this morning, "won't work hard for himself 'cause he ain't afraid uv gittin' fired, b' jinks!"

How Quinine Was Named.

Cinchona, or quinine, takes its name from the Marquis Cinchon, viceroy of Peru, whose wife was cured of fever by this remedy.

Hawaiians Dying Out.

When Hawaii was discovered by Captain Cook in 1778 it had a population of 200,000. There are now only 31,000 natives on the island.

Have You Noticed That—

If what men term pleasure be carefully analyzed it will be found to be generally only enthusiasm.

Preferable.

An acre of performance is worth the whole land of promise.—Anonymous.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3.50 & $3.00 Shoes
BEST IN THE WORLD
W. L. Douglas $4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price

SHOES FOR EVERYBODY AT ALL PRICES.
Men's Shoes, $6 to $1.50. Boys' Shoes, $3 to $1.25. Women's Shoes, $4.00 to $1.50. Misses' & Children's Shoes, $3.25 to $1.00.
Try W. L. Douglas Women's, Misses and Children's shoes; for style, fit and wear they excel other makes.
If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.
Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. *Take no substitute.* Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them.
Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.
Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

produces fine results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when others fail. Young men can regain their lost manhood, and old men may recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and quietly removes Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Sexual Weakness such as Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by startling at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off approaching disease. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00. We give free advice and counsel to all who wish it, with guaranteed. Circulars free. Address ROYAL MEDICINE CO., Marine Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

For sale in Portsmouth by
G. E. PHILBRICK, DRUGGIST.

LADIES, ASK FOR DR. LA FRANCO'S COMPOUND.

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

THE MAMMOTH PLANT OF THE FRANK JONES BREWING COMPANY

Is open to the people of New England and the World to inspect its plant and to see the actual workings of an Up-To-Date Brewery.

There is no manufacturing industry in the world where greater care is used in the preparing of an article for human consumption than in the Brewing of the

Frank Jones Portsmouth Ales

CLEANLINESS AND PURITY OF PRODUCT HAS MADE THE ALES FROM THIS BREWERY THE ENVY OF ALL COMPETITORS.

The Secret of "How to Brew an Ale Equal to the Frank Jones Brand" has never been attained.

Skates Sharpened!

All kinds of General Repair Work and Pipe Fitting; also Steamboat Work and Electro Nickel Plating. One Second Hand 2 H. P. 500 V. Speed 2000 Gen. Electric Motor for sale.

GOODALL & TOLMAN,
TELEPHONE 442.
AGENTS FOR KNOX MARINE ENGINE.

PLAYING GOING AWAY

The man with the armful of summer resort literature smiled when a friend accosted him and glanced curiously at the bundle of printed matter.

"Trying to figure out what this stuff is?" he said to the accosting friend. "Well, it's summer trip stuff. Mighty well written, as a rule. Good deal of it enticingly illustrated. I've got bales of it, but there's new and attractive trip stuff coming out all the time, and my wife and I like to keep up to date on the new trips.

"You see, this is about the time of the year when my wife and I begin to make what we call our little imaginary visits to the summer resorts. You and your wife ever try that? It's a great scheme. The next best thing to going away for the summer is to play going away. I only get two weeks' vacation a year, generally at the latter part of September, and then wife and I go up to a quiet little place we know of in the Blue Ridge, and climb hills and drink milk and eat yellow-legged chickens and sleep a good deal of the time. This isn't saying, though, that we wouldn't like to take in all of the summer resorts, one after the other, if such a thing were in the cards. But it's not, and so we just begin to play taking 'em all in as soon as the hot weather sets in.

"'My dear,' says my wife to me, after the dinner dishes have all been cleared away and I've got my pipe a-going, 'supposing we take a little run up to the Thousand Islands? I think both of us need a little change, and I've been told by friends that the Thousand Islands country is lovely.'

"'Very well,' I reply to her. 'When would you like to start?'

"'Immediately,' says she, seriously.

"'O. K.,' say I. 'I'm agreeable. Anything for your pleasure. All aboard!' and then I slip up to where she's got the summer resort literature all neatly filed away, and I pull out the three or four pounds of booklets and maps and things from the drawer that she's labeled: Thousand Islands.'

"I take the stuff downstairs and dump it on the floor, and then we both sit down on the floor and begin to look over the pictures in the booklets, and play that we're really seated on the grassy sward of one of those fairy islets, with the cool woody evening breeze in our faces and the low whispering of the clear emerald waters in our ears. We know that the evening breeze up around the Thousand Islands is cool and woody and that the clear emerald waters have a habit of whispering, because the reading matter of the booklets tells us so. Often as not, this same text written around the beautiful photogravures contains some Canadian voyagers' evening song, and when we run across one of these, why, my wife gets to crooning a whimsical air of her own devising to fit the words of the song, and then, by George I can half close my eyes and just imagine that I'm on the grassy sward of one of the Thousand Islands, sure enough.

"Next evening it's my turn to suggest a trip.

"'Look a-here, my dear,' I say to my wife, 'I'm becoming deuced tired of these conventional trips that we've been making every summer. Tired of Atlantic City and Bar Harbor and Newport and Narragansett and the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, and all of those places where we have to take our forty and odd trunks, and keep dressed up all the time, changing our clothes five or six times a day, and all that. Tell you what I suggest we do. Let's go up to a wild part of the Adirondacks and take a nice, big, comfortable lodge there for the summer. What do you say to that?'

"My wife puts a finger to her lip and pretends that she is a bit disconcerted by the suggestion.

"'Oh, if you wish it very much,' she replies, a bit reluctantly, just to impart realness to the situation. 'But, if I had known that you would want me to bury myself for the summer in such a wild, out-of-the-way place, why, I certainly wouldn't have begun to have summer dresses made away last February—'deed I wouldn't. Here I've gone and had made at least 15 perfectly lovely dresses, thinking that we would go to the seashore as usual this year and, of course, if we take a lodge in the Adirondacks, I won't be able to wear one of them, and the styles are bound to be all different next year, and so they will all be wasted. I'll have to give them all to Anita, my French maid.'

"'Oh, don't let a little thing like that bother you,' I tell her. 'Let Anita have the dresses, by all means. You can get more next year. The Adirondack trip'll do us both a world of good. Like to start right away?'

"'Well, do you know, the idea of the Adirondacks seems to grow upon me,' says my wife, and then I skip upstairs and grab out of the drawer set aside for that purpose the big bundles of booklets about the beauties of the Adirondack region. Then we sit down cross-legged on the matting and just go to the Adirondacks, see? We look at all those pictures of the splendid enormous log lodges, with their fine interiors—skins and antlers all around the libraries, and fine hide rugs on the floors, and all that—and then my wife pretends to shudder.

"'My,' she exclaims, drawing her house jacket closer around her—although in reality it's hotter'n Tophet in our little sitting-room—'My, but it's getting chilly in here. I'm afraid we picked out a place with too high an altitude. Perhaps you had better throw another log or two on the grate in the hall.'

"Great scheme, old man. Some o' these days, if things ever happen to come my way, I hope to give the little wife the sure-enough, honest-and-truly trips to all of those places that, thus far, we've only visited by booklet; but until that time comes, I guess maybe we don't have fun just playing at going away, that's all!"—Washington Star.

HOW HE FELT.

It was perfectly natural that young Gilpeny should detest Smith. Smith began to "pick on" young Gilpeny from the first moment he came into the boarding house. Smith was over 21 and presumed on it. A man may not be more than 19 and yet have a pretty thorough knowledge of the world, and there is not so much difference between 19 and 21, anyway. So Gilpeny said, and he was doubtless in the right of it.

To begin with, Smith had no right to christen Gilpeny "The Infant" and to so address him in public.

"My name is Gilpeny," Gilpeny said when Smith had done this for the third time at the breakfast table.

"Don't be angry with me," pleaded Smith. "I didn't mean to offend you or to insinuate that you really were an infant. I grant that you have passed infancy and childhood and you will soon be talking of your boyhood's happy days. It was a mere figure of speech suggested by your still blooming and downy cheek and by the unspoiled freshness and innocence of your appearance—if you will pardon me for such a personal allusion."

"Talk about cheek and freshness!" said Mrs. Vanetta, the fuzzy-haired blonde, and Gilpeny looked at her gratefully.

"You're not mad, I hope?" said Smith anxiously.

"Not at all," said Gilpeny, "but my name is Gilpeny."

"I'll try to remember it," said Smith gravely. "Mrs. Vanetta, have you such a thing as a pencil about you? Well, never mind, I only wanted to make a little memorandum."

The thing went no farther then. For some days Smith did not refer to him as "The Infant," but as "the mature gentleman opposite." He even checked himself in speaking of a baby who had cried all night in the house next door. "I should have said 'a person whose years have evidently not advanced beyond months,' if I may be allowed the paradox," he said with an exaggerated look of apprehension at Gilpeny.

Gilpeny was sitting on the steps one evening with three or four of the other boarders, when Smith joined them and, striking a match, lit a cigar. "Do you smoke?" he asked Gilpeny.

"No, thank you," said Gilpeny, rather shortly, refusing the offered cigar case.

"Mighty good thing," said Smith, with the air of 80. "Don't you ever learn, my boy. I wish I hadn't, but it's become a habit with me now and I'm a slave to it. When I was your age—"

"How long ago was that?" inquired Mrs. Vanetta, anxious to create a diversion.

"Oh, I forget, I'm sure," said Smith, airily. "In fact, I haven't ever asked Mr. Gilpeny his age, to tell the truth. I'd be afraid to. It's a delicate subject."

I'm glad that considerations of delicacy have weight with you," said Gilpeny. "I would hardly have suspected it."

"Good!" cried Smith, with a laugh. "Say, isn't he improving? I tell you a few months of city life works wonders. But one must have the adaptability of youth. There I am again. I wish somebody would hit me when I forget."

"How would kicking do?" asked Gilpeny, rising with a very pale, set face.

"Children," cried Mrs. Vanetta in alarm, "behave yourselves!"

There was a general stir. Smith sustained Gilpeny's glare with a sweet smile and blew a ring of smoke. Gilpeny hesitated a moment and then turned away and went up to his room.

There he thought the matter over. Should he leave the boarding house or should he thrash Smith? The boarding house suited him and flight would be cowardly, he decided. On the other hand, suppose Smith declined to be thrashed? That would only make matters worse.

So Gilpeny joined a turner society and went in for a thorough gymnastic course. The morning after he joined he learned that Smith had left town for a month's vacation. That simplified matters. But if ever a physical instructor had a faithful and enthusiastic pupil it was the professor at the turn hall and Gilpeny was the pupil. He began to long for Smith's return. In a month he felt the most beautiful confidence in himself.

He was in his bedroom when Smith got back; at least when Smith rapped at his door that was the first intimation he had of that young man's return.

"Don't stare as if I were a ghost," he said, smiling. "I came here as soon as I heard you were in to apologize for the caddish way I treated you the night before I left. I didn't get a chance to do it the next morning because I left too early, and then I didn't quite tumble to your feeling in the matter till I'd thought it over a little. Is it all right?"

He held out his hand and Gilpeny could not help taking it and gripping it.

"Then that's all right," said Smith. "Hello! What's all this? Clubs, punching bag and—do my eyes deceive me or are those gloves bulging out of that bag? Do you box? Put 'em on with me."

He began to put on a pair of the boxing gloves that were Gilpeny's latest purchase. Gilpeny donned the other pair with a thrill of exultation.

"You're pretty good," grinned Smith, ducking swiftly as he spoke and thereby avoiding a swing of Gilpeny's left. "Good footwork," he continued, approvingly, as Gilpeny eluded his advance.

He paused, and Gilpeny closed in on him. The next moment Gilpeny received a crushing jolt in his ribs, and as he recoiled Smith's glove caught him under the chin and lifted him onto the bed. It was a minute or two, it seemed to him, before he understood that Smith was speaking to him, for his ears continued to ring.

"I didn't mean to hit you as hard as that," said Smith as he pulled Gilpeny to a sitting posture. "How do you feel now?"

"Profoundly thankful," said Gilpeny. —Chicago Daily News.

IN THE PARK.

BY R. E. VERNEDE.

Herington sat in the park. It was a fine autumn day with sunshine through the brown leaves of the elms, a cloudless sky, and no ripple at all on the ornamental waters. A policeman of majestic proportions walked solitary upon his beat, ignoring the sheep, ignoring the nurses, and ignoring Herington. He was so majestic a policeman, stoutly-built, and with stiff-jointed legs, that Herington wondered to himself how he ever managed to stoop and pick up papers and orange peel in obedience to the new county council orders.

It seemed, indeed, that he was not very keen upon this part of his duties, for he walked past two or three little rubbish heaps in Herington's neighborhood without appearing to notice them. Herington perceived that he was bent upon asserting the majesty of the law to a small urchin near by who was standing watching with his hands in the largest rents of his trousers, which did duty—Herington supposed—for pockets.

"Now what are you up to, my boy?" the policeman demanded.

"Nothin'," said the urchin, smartly, without budging.

The policeman laid a massive hand on the urchin's small shoulder.

"That won't do 'ere," he said. "I got my eye on you—none o' your tricks today, mind."

Herington fancied that he was witnessing a skirmish preparatory to the outbreak of some ancient feud.

"Awright," said urchin. "You lemme alone and I'll let you alone. S'pose I can look on the ground if I likes."

"What are you lookin' on the ground for?" asked the policeman, suspicious.

"Orange peel. There's two bits you're just a treadin' on, an' there's three lots o' browned paper by the genelman there."

The urchin had slipped away to a slight distance, grinning.

"If you give me a ounce more o' your lip," said the constable with a slow fury, "I'll run yer in straight." And he turned upon his heel and marched off with morose dignity. Herington found himself confronted with the urchin.

"There ain't room for him an' me in this here park." The urchin pointed a thumb after his retiring adversary. "'E's too proud."

"So it seems," said Herington. "And I suppose you're too—"

"I'm too small—that's what I am. That's why 'e goes for me. What was I a-doin' of? Nothin'—no more I wasn't."

"Perhaps he thinks you ought to do something."

"I'm a-goin' to. Leastways"—(the urchin looked at Herington doubtfully)—"s'pose you ain't got tuppence as you could lend a chap?"

"What for?"

The urchin hesitated.

"Orangers," he said. And, perceiving a gleam that might be sympathy in Herington's eye, went on: "One for orangers an' t'other for one o' them chairs as you're a-settin' on."

Not precisely certain what was up, Herington delivered over the twopence.

"What's you name?" he inquired.

"Josher. You wait if you want to see somethin'. I'm a-coming back."

The urchin ran off and presently returned with a purchase of oranges, whereupon, having offered one to Herington (who declined it), he took his seat upon one of the chairs he had mentioned. The wary custodian of the chairs, coming up to demand the penny fee, was surprised to get it.

"You're flush to-day," he said, jocularly.

"Never you mind what I am," said Josher, with dignity. "Now," he explained to Herington, as the custodian, having given him a ticket for a chair for the day, departed, "now 'e cawn't move me on."

"Who can't?"

Josher winked and began to peel an orange. Herington, who already felt guilty of abetting an offender, told him severely that he was not to throw the peel about.

"I'm not a-goin' to," said Josher; and he didn't. He wrapped it all carefully in one of the pieces of brown paper to which he had drawn the policeman's attention, and laid the same upon his knees.

Herintgon was aware that the policeman was returning, and that Josher sat with his arms akimbo in an attitude of easy pleasure. He felt so guilty that he almost thought of moving on himself before the policeman should arrive. Not so Josher, who was innocence personified. The policeman came straight for him nevertheless.

"That's what you're a-doin', is it?" he said, grasping Josher by the neck unkindly. "A-settin' on them chairs without payin'. You come along o' me now."

"I ain't," squealed Josher, struggling. "You lemme go. You look out who you're a-hittin'. I got a ticket, an' I paid for it, an' you can look at it."

All the time he clung to his chair, and to the bag on his knees. The Policeman caught sight of the ticket and gave the urchin another revengeful shake.

"Where did you git it?" he asked. "Pick-pocketed it, eh?" And he gave a final shake—to his own undoing.

"There—you done it now," said Josher meekly. The parcel of orange-peel, held tight until the last shake, had dropped now and fallen in all directions. "An' you'll 'ave to pick it up, every bit on it," said Josher, compassionately, winking the while at Herington.

That young man, knowing what he knew, looked guiltily away, wondering at the ceaseless impertinence of street-arabs, at the dulness of some policemen, and at the economies of the county council.

The majestic policeman, having uttered an unmajestic expression, walked off—beaten.

"It's them regulations, does it," explained Josher. "I'm all for 'em myself."—Black and White, London.

THEIR SAVING CORPS

BY C. H. GARNER.

It was the evening of the social event of the season.

Mabel Golding had just given a final answer to the man of all others who loved her most. She was applauding herself upon the heroism and sacrifice of saying no, finally, to the man she loved, in order to accept, for the sake of family finances, the other man.

She was experiencing the exaltation of self-sacrifice and bearing it majestically with the inner consciousness of uplift and misunderstood heroism, as she moved away from him into the drawing-room beyond.

She paused preoccupied before a table, whereon lay open a folio of Charles Dana Gibson's pictures.

Mechanically she turned the first pages, but life was so really portrayed that inner consciousness began to respond to the truth of the sketches before her.

"Some Features of the Matrimonial Market" held her gaze—truth had struck home.

Her mind's eye ran hurriedly from one to the other of the men from whom she could now choose. One was lank and tall, with a title and his thousands to recommend him; one stout and short, with nothing but his millions; another boasted ancestry and an inheritance, while the man she had just sent away, although a college graduate, an athlete, strong, handsome, possessed of an innate gentleness and courtesy that no woman had ever been able (except herself) to resist, and nobility of character, had no fortune that he could offer.

The glory of his fine nature and superior qualities shone out to her mind now, with additional luster, as she began to acknowledge a growing contempt, if not positive condemnation, of herself.

She was more than chagrined at the cursory mental glance taken of her remaining matrimonial prizes, and doubted if she had been altogether wise in thinking to select one of them. She sank into a chair and turned the pages. "His Everlasting Experiments with Ill-Mated Pairs" brought a positive pain to her heart, and she experienced a suspicion of unhappiness. It was a picture that both fascinated her and disturbed her mind's peace.

Forboding that some day she might be as miserable as those unfortunates whom Cupid, finding unequally yoked together, was in vain trying to urge forward in harmony on the road of life. "One of the men in the matrimonial harness looks like George," she thought, and her eyes dilated and lips grew white. "He has lines of sorrow in his handsome face—there is no longer his bright smile," and she remembered how it had faded when she gave him her final no, a moment—a century ago.

"Poor fellow, how dejected he looks," and impulsively she buried her head between the leaves of the large folio and kissed the lips from which the smile had faded; then blindly, though the prismatic colors of a crystal pure tear glanced at the pictures that followed, until she came to one called "Danger; The Shore Is Lined with Wrecks," before which she again paused fascinated.

"Oh, that is myself now," she whispered, "leaving him behind, turning from happiness, looking so desolate and lonely and cold."

Tears fell upon the sands of the beach, in the book, and she shuddered at the dreariness of the picture. Perhaps she was recalling happier hours when she and George and Fido had spent the livelong summer days together on just such a beach as this; when there were sunshine and soft sea breezes and mellow moonlight and song and music and laughter, and no misunderstandings, no heartaches, no tears. Here again she was remindful of the present scene and facts, as another tear fell upon the desolate prospect before her.

She gazed again at the face of the girl, shivered and turned the pages quickly, when "Too Late" opened before her, "unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster."

"Too late!" a little half articulate cry passed her lips. She pressed her hands before her eyes to shut out that vision of birds of ill-omen spreading their black wings over the storm-swept coast. Their hideous screams were in her ears, their beaks were in her heart. The blackness of the scene overwhelmed her, and the words, "Too late," escaped in a piteous sob from her pale, trembling lips. Her pretty head fell backwards—but against a warm heart and strong arm at her side, shielding her from harm and any chance gaze that might happen to stray in their direction.

"The next picture is 'That Restless Sea,' dear, upon which we both have been unduly tossed," George said, taking her cold, limp hand in one of his, while with the other he lifted the pages of the large folio between their faces and the world outside.

She slowly opened her mystified eyes, as her head nestled against his breast.

"The terrible storm, George! You have saved me."

"No, dear, it was the folio. We owe our rescue, both of us, to these pictures, which have proved our saving corps."

"George, dear George, it was an eternity—the storm and shipwreck!"

"Only a few minutes by the clock; by the heartaches, aeons."

"It was so terrible. How did you know about it?" she asked, not quite recovered from the brief bewilderment.

"When you left me my eyes followed you here to this alcove where, under the light, I saw how pale and unnatural your face looked. I thought you were ill, so hastened near you. I have glanced over the pictures with you, and have taken account of the impression they were making. I was here at the critical moment, you see—just in time to—"

"Save me!"

"And myself, sweetheart."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

A PEASANT HERO.

BY DAVID KER.

It was a fine summer evening, many years ago, when an old man sat at the door of his little hut in one of the villages of northern Russia, watching his children at their play, and thanking God in his heart that the cruel wars were over at last, and that fire, and hunger, and bloodshed, could no longer run riot on Russian ground. For the Poles, who had burned Moscow and slaughtered the brave men who held it, were driven out at last, and Michael Feodorvitch, the first of the house of Romanoff, sat upon the throne of the czars.

But as he sat there, with the green waving woods outspread around him in the glory of the sunset, a cloud of dust began to rise in the distance, through which there broke at times a bright gleam like the flash of steel, and a band of twelve horsemen came riding toward him, lance in hand and saber at side.

It was a startling sight for the unarmed peasant, for in that place, and at that time, any stranger might well be an enemy; but Ivan Susanin was not a man to flinch. And, indeed, the newcomers seemed to mean him no harm; for they waved their caps to him as they came up, and their leader said, in a smooth tone:

"Are you a Russian, good father, and a friend to the czar?"

"I am a Russian, and every true Russian is the czar's friend."

"You are the man we want, then. We are Cossacks from the south, who have heard the czar's fame, and are come to offer him our services. Can you tell us where we may find him?"

The man spoke frankly and pleasantly enough, but there was something in his look and voice from which the loyal Russian shrank instinctively. The stranger spoke the language perfectly, and he and his comrades were in full Cossack dress, and mounted on Cossack horses; but Susanin had seen enough treachery in those evil days to make him very careful of trusting anyone too far. While he was hesitating one of the hindmost horses stumbled, and the rider muttered an angry word, which Susanin knew to be Polish.

In a moment the Russian saw it all. These pretended Cossacks were Polish assassins, sent to enlist among the czar's soldiers, and then kill him as soon as a favorable chance offered. Should he refuse them the information they asked, they would obtain it elsewhere, and there were too few men in the little hamlet to deal with them by open force, well armed and mounted as they were. There was but one resource left—to pretend to believe their story, offer himself as their guide, lead them astray in the forest, and save, by his own death, the czar and all Russia. In less time than it takes to write it, the peasant hero's resolution was taken.

"Welcome, brothers!" cried he, heartily. "You have come just at the right time. The czar is at Yaroslavl, not 20 miles off, and right glad I shall be to guide you thither; but first step in and eat a bit, for you must need food after your ride."

The hungry Poles readily assented; but as they crowded into the hut, Susanin whispered something into the ear of his eldest son, a stout lad of 16, who slipped quietly away behind the hut, and then darted off into the forest as fast as his nimble feet could carry him.

Meanwhile, the father set himself to entertain his guests, laughing and jesting with the men whose swords would (as he well knew) be drinking his lifeblood a few hours later. The keenest spectator could have read no suspicion in his clear, bright eye and ringing laugh; and when he at length gave the signal to get to horse, the Poles were one and all ready to pronounce their new acquaintance the best company in the world.

Onward they rode through the darkening forest, Susanin tramping steadily beside the leader's horse, and throwing in a word of guidance every now and then, till at length the light began to fail altogether, and Ivan called a halt.

"This path is none of the safest in the dark, brothers," said he; "and we shall hardly serve the czar much by breaking our necks. Let us rest for a hour or two, and when the moon rise we can go on again as fast as we like."

By moonrise the whole party were on their way once more; but this haste profited them little, for, as day broke, they found themselves entangled in a gloomy gorge, covered with impenetrable thickets; and when they looked round for the path by which they had entered, lo! it had utterly vanished! Turn which way they would, no outlet was to be seen.

"Traitor!" roared the leader, fiercely clutching his sword hilt, "you have betrayed us!"

"Have you just found that out?" retorted Susanin, with a defiant laugh. "Did you think that God would send His blessing upon murder and treachery, or that our father, the czar, could ever be betrayed by his own children? Kill me, if you will—it won't help you to find your way out of this trap, or to escape the Russian horsemen from Yaroslavl, to whom I sent word last night. My work is done. God save the czar!"

He had hardly spoken when he lay dead; but his words were quickly fulfilled. The murderers, wandering helplessly in the dismal labyrinth into which he had led them, were speedily overtaken and slain; and the czar himself walked behind his deliverer's body when it was borne to the grave. And to this day, the men of Susanin's native town point with pride to the statue in peasant dress that stands in their market place, and tell the traveler that this is the man who gave his life for the czar.—N. Y. Weekly.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

By GEORGE WEYMOUTH

"Good morning, sir," said the fortune teller. "Morning," said the man as he sank into a chair. He looked at Mme. Zero with twinkling, hard eyes.

"I suppose it merely is a matter of money with you?" he asked. But the fortune teller would not commit herself. She waited to hear the particulars.

He took a roll of greenbacks from his pocket and suggestively flipped the rubber band that held the bills in place.

"There's a girl coming here this afternoon," he continued. "I want you to tell her a few things. Will you do it?"

"If it's nothing wrong," said the fortune teller. She spoke to the man, but her eyes were glued to the roll of money.

"O, it's not wrong," said the man. "It's dead right. I mean to marry the girl, but she thinks she's in love with another fellow."

"And you want me to make her believe that you are her fate? That she is bound to marry you—that it is so written in the stars?" Madame looked at the man in admiration.

"You have the idea. Here is the material," said the man, giving the fortune teller a typewritten sheet. "You'll find all the particulars there—girl's early history and some intimate personal facts. When you string her along with these she'll be ready to believe anything you say. You look at me. You see how I look. Well, I'm her fate. The other fellow—the man that isn't her fate—is slender and dark, and dreamy eyed. He's a sweet thing all right,"—the big man laughed—"but he never will have any money. He's impractical. It would be a crime for the girl to marry him. I'm the man that can take care of her. So if you've got any conscience you can let it rest in peace. I'm paying you for doing the right thing this time."

Once more he flipped the rubber band that held the roll of bills.

"How much?" he asked.

"I'll leave it to you," said the fortune teller, after a moment's thought. "The more you give me the better job I'll do."

The man laughed and tossed the roll of bills into her lap.

"Then do your best," he said. "You will know the girl when she comes, because there'll be a middle aged woman, red haired and of the name of Brown, with her. The girl herself is young and as sweet as a flower. Her name is Lillian, and the other woman will call her that, so you will know her whatever name she happens to give."

"I'll do my part," said the fortune teller. "If she doesn't believe in clairvoyance when she comes here she will when she goes away, and even if her heart is broken she will resign herself to the inevitable."

"O, her heart won't break," said the man, laughing good humoredly. "If it does I'll mend it."

After he had gone out Mme. Zero slipped off the rubber band and counted the money. The amount was so large that she was astonished. Then she read the typewritten memoranda and learned her lesson thoroughly.

That afternoon the girl came, laughing and blushing, with the older woman. The trip to the fortune teller's evidently was regarded as a great lark.

After the two women had been gone for an hour the man came back. He was laughing still, but clearly anxious to know how the plot had worked.

"It was an ingenious scheme," said the fortune teller. "There was no chance for it to fail. After I had told her about her own childhood, and about her mother's death and her father's journey to the Philippines, she was ready to believe everything else."

"I knew it," said the man.

"I told her about her two lovers—yourself and the other—and I discovered that you were wrong."

"Yes, in what?"

"She does not think merely that she loves the other man—she loves him. It would have made your heart bleed to see the pitiful, broken way she looked at me when I began to tell her that she must give him up. She is not a girl to love lightly. She never will forget him."

"O, I'll see that she does," said the man.

"I hate to disappoint you," said the fortune teller, "but when I reached this point my heart failed me and I switched back. I could not shatter the child's dream. There are some things that even a fortune teller can't do for money."

"You took the money, though," sneered the man.

"But I'm going to give it back to you." She opened her purse and took out the same roll of greenbacks, held together by the same rubber band, and tossed it into the man's lap.

"Perhaps she'll invite you to the wedding," said the fortune teller, consolingly.

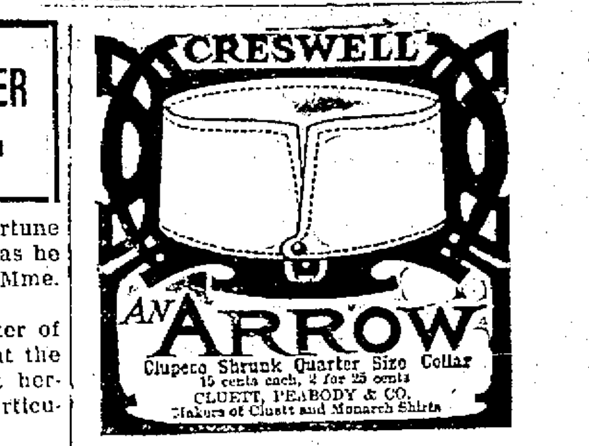
He laughed again as he went out—but his laugh was forced.—Chicago Tribune.

Used to a Foghorn.

A minister and a rather bumptious traveler occupied the same cabin across the Atlantic. At breakfast on the first morning the traveler said:

"I hope, sir, my snoring did not disturb you during the night?"

"Oh! no, not a bit, sir," replied the minister, "not a bit. You see, I live on the coast near a lighthouse, and I'm used to the sounds of the foghorn on thick nights."—Merry Moments.



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THURSDAY, JAN. 10, 1907.

SENATOR BURNHAM

The assurance of the re-election of United States Senator Henry E. Burnham as his own successor, by the result of the Republican legislative caucus on Wednesday evening, is altogether satisfactory to the people of New Hampshire. The fight conducted by Messrs. Leighton and Currier was altogether along friendly lines and leaves no trace of hard feeling behind.

In behalf of the people of this vicinity, The Herald extends hearty congratulations to Senator Burnham on his success.

SHIP SUBSIDIES

In voting on the passage of the Ship Subsidy Bill the members of Congress should keep faith with their constituents, who in overwhelmingly large numbers undoubtedly favor the passage of the bill as recommended by President Roosevelt and condemned by the Democratic platform of 1904 in the following words:

"We denounce the Ship Subsidy Bill recently passed by the United States Senate as an iniquitous appropriation of public funds for private purposes and a wasteful, illogical and useless attempt to overcome by subsidy the obstructions raised by Republican legislation to the growth and development of American commerce on the sea.

"We favor the upbuilding of a merchant marine without new or additional burdens upon the people and without bounties from the public treasury."

But in every case where shipping subsidies have been experimented with and adopted it has been found that those which aid their ships receive in return material benefits in the way of reduced freight rates, export commerce thus being stimulated to a degree otherwise impossible.

The first American experiment with subsidies came in 1848 when the Collins line was subsidized by the government and freight rates promptly dropped fifty per cent. In later competition with the subsidized British Cunard line freight rates on American exports were again cut in two.

An excellent object lesson is furnished by the result of the British parliamentary investigation of 1902, when it was shown that the aid extended to German ships by their government, while injuring British competing ships, worked for their good in the Far East, British manufacturers shipping their products from Great Britain to Germany and thence in a German ship to the Orient cheaper than they could send them in a British ship from a British port.

The lesson of 1848 is well worth our remembering, and the success of the subsidy system abroad gives a clear idea of what might be done with it this side of the big water.

BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

Cheer up, brothers,
Let everyone be gay;
The Winter's passing slowly,
But it isn't here to stay.

Is it true that every silver lining has its cloud?

The Sunday law is being enforced in Lynn. Lynn always was a right virtuous city, but Portsmouth and its nine o'clock curfew has them all beaten to a standstill.

Boston gets its extra hour and everybody is happy.

The belated Pacific liner has turned up in the right way.

Boston's death rate is nineteen in a thousand. Barring railroad casualties, how many?

The British lion has Tahiti, but there are places which make a nation feel like a yellow dog with a tin can tied to its tail.

The widow of the recent bomb thrower says her husband was always of a kind and gentle disposition. He is now, for a fact.

The New York Herald wants Cuba under an American protectorate. Most of us wish Cuba were 20,000 leagues under the sea.

The South complains that it is getting only four per cent. of the immigrants, and we complain because we're getting ninety-six per cent. Such is life.

OUR EXCHANGES

Winter Bound

Around me, to the far horizon's rim,
The snowdrifts lie in spotless purity
But all day long I dream of violet dim,
And of anemone.

The million silences forever sing;
The winds of Winter lift their organ note:
But all day long I sigh for flame struck wing,
And for the song thrilled throat.

All day I see the sunlight on the plain;
I know that Winter's patient peace is best:
But my poor heart goes mad for April rain,
And Springtide's wild unrest!

—Edward Wilbur Mason in National Magazine, January number.

Boston Misses The Jest

Senator Tillman sees grave danger to the social and moral life of the Filipinos in the plan to send colored troops to the islands. He would undoubtedly assert that Hades would be corrupted by negroes, so warped is his vision in this respect.—Boston Journal.

Considerate Witnesses

Witnesses against Standard Oil have the trick of disappearing down to a fine point. It is presumed that they take vacation for the benefit of Brother Rockefeller's health.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Way Suggested

Prominent Cubans are reported to be agitating for an American protectorate. Maybe if they will hire a few natives out of work, or who do not want to work, to ride about the country brandishing machetes and proclaiming themselves a political party they may hasten their ends.—New York World.

May Teach Us Caution, Anyway

The fears that have developed regarding Japan may hereafter causes a flutter of apprehension every time a nation talks of sending people over to study American methods.—Washington Star.

He Deserves It All, However

If Taft goes on the Supreme Court bench it will take a lot of ermine to go round him.—Springfield News.

Such A Joke!

By the death of her husband's father Mrs. Langtry becomes Lady De Bathe. That would seem to put her right in the swim.—Portland Press.

THIS DATE IN HISTORY

1644—Archbishop Laud beheaded. Born Oct. 7, 1573.

1810—Jeremiah S. Black, secretary of state in Buchanan's cabinet, born. Died Aug. 19, 1883.

1840—Penny Post introduced in England by Rowland Hill.

1844—Sir Hudson Lowe, governor of St. Helena during Napoleon's captivity, died.

1862—Samuel Colt, inventor of the revolver, died. Born July 19, 1814.

1871—Prince Frederick Charles gained victory over Chanzy at Le Mans.

1889—Upper suspension bridge at Niagara Falls destroyed by wind storm.

1893—Princess Marie of Edinburgh married to Crown Prince of Roumania.

1895—Great street railway strike in Brooklyn.

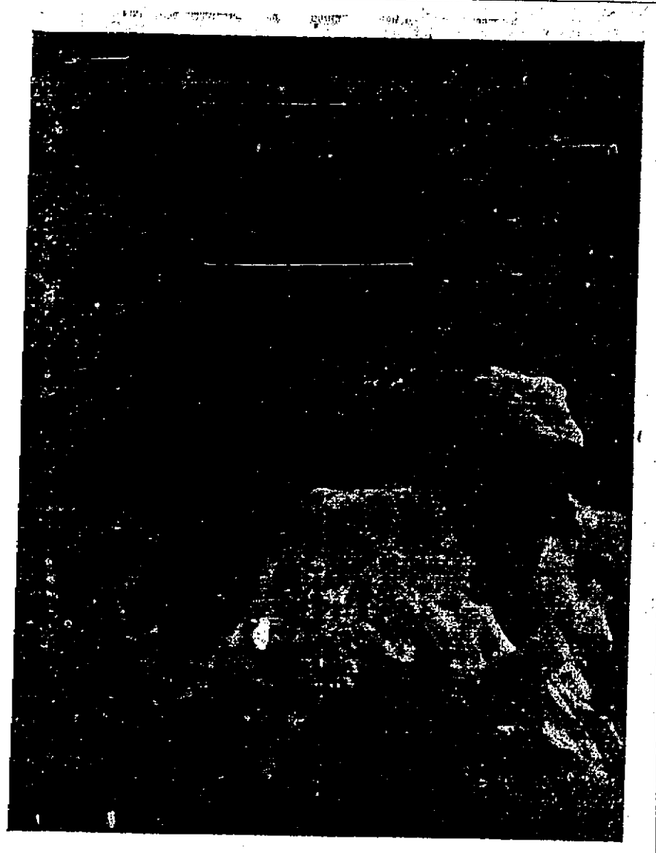
1897—Count Muravieff appointed Russian minister of foreign affairs.

The coming of Nance O'Neil is a dramatic event of the first importance.

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Miss O'Neil the First

The first American actress who ever appeared at the Khedival Grand Theatre in Cairo, Egypt, was Miss Nance O'Neil, the beautiful player who will be seen here on Saturday evening in Suderman's intensely interesting drama "Magda", the same play which was offered for the opening bill in Cairo. The Khedive himself was present at the opening performance, as were Lord and Lady Cromer. Miss O'Neil passed her vacation near the pyramids and enjoys the distinction of being the only American woman who ever ascended the Pyramid of Cheops, 240 feet high, and she is very proud of it.



Miss Nance O'Neil, the beautiful actress. Miss O'Neil will play "Magda" here Saturday, Jan. 12, the emotional drama of Sudermann's

A Hit in Philadelphia

The demand in Philadelphia to see David Warfield in "The Music Master" was so great that extra matinees had to be added, and, although Mr Belasco extended the engagement from four to five weeks, the attraction could have played four weeks longer with every assurance of continuing its career of financial reward.

BOOK AND THEIR WRITERS

From the Publishers

The Farming Almanac for 1907, which is published by Doubleday, Page and Company, is a revelation to farmers, not only in its make-up, but in the comprehensive list of contents which it will have. Practically every subject of interest on the farm is covered, and it will be a source to which the farmer will instinctively turn for an answer to his problems. One of the leading features of the book will be twelve "immediate service coupons," which will secure an immediate answer to any question pertaining to the farm, house building, care of the live stock, crop methods and so on, by one of the leading agricultural authorities on that particular subject in the United States.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee will be celebrated on Jan. 19, and Doubleday, Page and Company will mark this occasion with a new edition of "The Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee" by his son, Capt. Robert E. Lee. Perhaps no book concerning the life of the great Confederate chieftain so adequately makes a measure of his real character as this, because it tells the story of his life in the form of his letters to his wife and children. This book has already passed through seven editions in the United States, and one large edition in England.

Doubleday, Page and Company will bring out Mrs. Flora Annie Steele's new book, "The Sovereign Remedy," this month. This book is something of a departure from the field in which she won her first great success, which is in India, and deals with the commercialization of the British aristocracy. The scenes are laid in England and Wales.

THE DISREGARD OF SIGNALS

Before the Rock Island trains crashed together in Kansas a relief train was under way in anticipation of the slaughter which resulted, and which the signalmen who should have prevented it had rather caused. They caused it, so far as available accounts go, not through malice, or defect of apparatus supplied them, but by simple misunderstanding, says the New York Times. The operator swears he "thought" the hapless train "was going to stop at the depot to take water, as trains have been doing, but instead it went by." Then followed moments of panic. One lantern after another was swung in warning, and went out, without giving the least hint to those who soon were to be killed. The train had "gone by" without its orders, and the collision was made certain by reliance upon the signals designed to prevent it.

Railway adwministrators should understand that these incidents are getting upon people's nerves. They are beginning to say that it is better not to travel than to travel at such risks. The people who are thinking and saying this are not those who travel so seldom that they take needless alarm. It is precisely those who might be thought most hardened by experience, and who are best informed by what goes on inside railway offices, who are most alarmed. Thus, in The Sun we find Mr. J. J. Hill, quoted by a member of the Cabinet, unnamed:

Every time I undertake a railroad journey nowadays I wonder whether it is to be my last. The thing has grown to be uncertain. It is a fact, of knowledge to every railroad man, that in this day from two to three trains enter at times into every block of every system in the country. There is danger in it.

And Chairman Knapp of the Inter-State Commerce Commission said he believed it to be true that the block signal system through design had become absolutely ineffective. It is to be noted that no defect of the block system is blamed for these killings. On the contrary, it is its perfection which causes the trouble. If the signals were alarmed they would impede traffic, and risks are taken to move the trains. It was just so in the Grand Central tunnel when engineers ran past signals clouded by fog and steam until public patience was exhausted, and the railway had to make the necessary improvements. These burnings and manglings which are happening upon one great railway after another with entire impartiality are having a similar effect upon the passenger business of the continent. The railways, in public opinion, must do less business, or do it at a smaller cost of life, whatever means they adopt to that end.

SLAYER IS DEAD

Blanchette Succumbs To Self Inflicted Wound

Manchester, N. H., Jan. 9.—Joseph Blanchette of Goffstown, who shot and killed his wife yesterday afternoon in Riverdale, and then fired a revolver bullet into his own head, died early today from his injury.

Blanchette was unable after the shooting to make any statement, but it is believed that anger over the refusal of his wife to live with him led to his deed.

STILL ALARM

A still alarm summoned the new combination chemical on Wednesday to the residence of William R. Martin on Hanover street.

Lobsters, though procurable, are not plentiful.

EIGHT MEN HELD

As Result of Inquest Over Baltimore and Ohio Wreck

Washington, Jan. 10—The coroner's inquest over the Terra Cotta wreck of Sunday night, Dec. 30, last night held for the action of the grand jury Harry H. Hildebrand, engineer of the "dead train" No. 2120; Frank Hofmyer, conductor of that train; P. F. Dent, night train dispatcher at Baltimore; William E. McCaulley, division operator of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad; B. L. Vermillion, engineer of local train No. 66, into which 2120 crashed; George W. Nagle, conductor of train 66; J. W. Kelley, Jr., trainmaster of the Baltimore and Ohio, and William M. Dutrow, the telegraph operator at Silver Spring.

All the men held except Dent, McCaulley and Kelley were in the building where the inquest was held and were placed under arrest.

The verdict of the jury was that the deaths were caused "by impact, due to the neglect of Operator William Dutrow, in displaying an improper signal to the crew of train No. 2120", and directs that Dutrow be held for the action of the grand jury. And the jury also held the others already mentioned as responsible in a lesser degree for the deaths.

The jury arraigned the block system on the Baltimore and Ohio as not affording satisfactory protection to the livps and property of its patrons, arraigned the system of wages paid the operators and signal men on the road and recommended that all block signal stations be kept open twenty-four hours a day and no additional duties given the operators aside from working the signals and attending to their telegraphic duties.

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn-out and all run-down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman."—Mrs. Chas. Freitoy, Mooseup, Conn.

We wonder how that proposition to replace the Firemen's day celebration with band concerts will be received.

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LOST—On the 5 o'clock Rye and Hampton Beach car, or on Market Square Sept. 6 ladies hand bag. Finder will please leave it at this office. chs3tf

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. cha15tf

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. cha18tf

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BUTTER made at

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CREAM that contains no poisonous preservative.

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When you call us on telephone you'll not get "Skidoo" or the "Hook," but

GRAY & PRIME

who will give prompt service and send you the best coal mined. Try it

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these---
"It might have been."

YOU had better keep insured.

HARRY M. TUCKER

INSURANCE AGENT

HELD FOURTH ANNUAL

Concert And Ball Of Bartenders' Local No. 309

WAS A GRAND SUCCESS IN PEIRCE HALL LAST EVENING

No greater success has ever been held under the auspices of the Bartenders' Local Union, No. 309, than the fourth anniversary observance of Wednesday evening, which consisted of a concert and ball in Peirce Hall.

There was a large attendance and everything went off without a hitch. All credit is due the committees who brought the affair to a successful conclusion.

The stage was finely decorated.

The following concert program was rendered:

March, "By Right of Sword," Bendix
Selection from "The Tourist" Kerker
Idyl, "The Primrose," Savasta
Concert Waltz, "The Lion and the Mouse," Bendix
Oddity, "Japanese Brigade," Mirella

The grand march was led by John Logue and Miss Lillian Powers of Hudson, Mass.

The order of dances was:

Grand March and Circle "The Cleveland News"
Waltz, "Golden Echoes" Grimm
Two Step, "The Free Lance," Sousa
Schottische, "Burlesque," Henry
Quadrille, "Winter Sports," Pachmann
Newport, "High Ball," Tobani
Intermission
Waltz, "Reverie," Waldtenfel
Schottische, "I don't know where I'm goin'" Bren
Two Step, "Darkie's Spring Song," Alstyne
Waltz, "Pluie D'or," Waldtenfel
Portland Fancy, "I'm Looking for My Ten," Hein
Contra, "Hoyt's Rumdum," C. B. Hoyt
Two Step, "Waiting at the Church," Ascher
Galop, "The Devil's Fury," Lovenberg
Caprice, "Lisping Lou," Chadwick
Waltz, "Waltz Me Around Again Willie," Shields
Schottische, "Put Your Shoes in My Trunk," Vogel
Quadrille, "Affiliation," Fulton
Waltz, "Take Me On The Rollers," Smith
Two Step, "Geo. Washington, Jr." Cohan
Quadrille, "Midnight Echoes" ..... Brownell
Waltz, "Incognito," Bennett

A list of the officers and members follows:

President, Patrick McCabe;
Vice President, Joseph Conway;
Treasurer, John Logue;
Fin. and Rec. Secretary, Geo. W. Griffiths;
Inspector, D. E. Tatten;
Chaplain, Thomas Markey;
Inside Guard, Dennis Hannan.

Members—A. Alberts, A. C. Amazeen, Phil. Brennan, A. Brott, Jos. Conway, W. G. Campbell, Alp. Clutt, Jos. Callahan, A. J. Cunningham, John Connolly, G. W. Dolloff, Ed. Fitzgerald, John Flanagan, P. J. Farrell, L. B. Griffin, John Griffin, W. J. Gallagher, G. W. Griffith, G. A. Hanscom, Daniel F. Harrington, D. J. Hannon, M. Jonas, John Kidney, William E. King, Walter Lynskey, Alfred Lyons, F. J. Leslie, Francis Long, J. C. Leary, N. B. Lord, Thomas Markey, W. F. Moody, Thomas McKenna, Patrick McCabe, John Meehan, Chas. Manning, M. P. Morrissey, Chas. McCarthy, Henry McCue, Warren Molaskey, H. E. Northup, W. J. Neale, Patrick O'Leary, F. J. O'Connell, A. H. Patriquin, James Piper, Arthur Reynolds, E. B. Ready, Frederick Rowe, R. S. Ryan, H. P. Spinney, William Scanlon, T. J. Stewart, D. E. Tatten, S. H. Winn, William Wallace, J. H. Wesley and E. F. Welch.

The committees in charge on Wednesday evening were:

Floor Director—John M. Logue;
Assistant Floor Director—Philip Brennan;
Aids—All the members.
Reception Committee—Patrick McCabe, Arthur Reynolds, Dennis Hanran and Wilbur Moody.
Committee of Arrangements—Patrick McCabe, John M. Logue, George W. Griffiths.

NOBLE'S ISLAND BRIDGE

To Be Rebuilt in Connection With Plans for Double Track

The first work toward the addition of a double track between Portsmouth and Conway Junction by the Boston and Maine railroad will be the rebuilding of the Noble's Island bridge on which the double track that now ends there will be extended across Noble's Island bridge to the west end of the Portsmouth and Kittery bridge.

The piling for the work is now being prepared and the job is expected to begin in the Spring.

OFFICERS INSTALLED

By Oak Castle, No. 4, K. G. E. On Wednesday Evening

Officers were installed by Oak Castle, No. 4, Knights of the Golden Eagle, on Wednesday evening as follows:

Noble Chief, Charles B. Allen;
Vice Chief, Noel V. Campbell;
High Priest, W. H. Alvin;
Venerable Hermit, C. E. Gowen;
Sir Herald, F. L. Nicholls;
Keeper of Exchequer, F. H. Melcon;
Clerk of Exchequer, C. W. Hanscom;
Master of Records, H. O. Holtt;
Trustee for three years, W. H. Alvin;
Worthy Bard, W. T. Betton;
Worthy Chamberlain, G. P. Knight;
Ensign, C. E. Oliver;
Esquire, A. H. Junkins;
First Guardsman, J. E. Drisco;
Second Guardsman, J. E. Rowbotham.

A supper was served.

Pulsations of a Watch.

The lifetime of a watch is 50 years, says Amateur Work. In its daily duties the balance vibrates 18,000 times every hour, 432,000 times a day, or 157,000,000 times a year. The hairspring makes a similar number of vibrations and an equal number of ticks from the escapement. If it is a really good watch, multiply 157,680,000 by 50, which gives 7,884,000,000 pulsations for 50 years. The chances are that the watch may even then be in serviceable condition.

Japanese Incense Parties.

"Incense parties" were a common feature of old Japan. Each of the guests had a little furnace, a small wooden box, packed with sand. On the top of this was a small charcoal fire. Each woman in turn burned some incense and the others had to guess what it was. After every burning the windows were thrown open and the room was cleared for the next experiment.

His Joke.

The professional humorist was having his shoes shined. "And is your father a bootblack, too?" he asked the boy. "No, sir," replied the boy, "my father is a farmer." "Ah!" said the professional humorist, reaching for his notebook, "he believes in making hay while the son shines."—Topeka State Journal.

Memorial to Cow in Church.

Memorials to animals are fairly common, but there is one in England existing inside a church. This is the effigy of a cow displayed in Durham cathedral. Tradition asserts that it was placed there in order to keep in remembrance the facts relating to the burial within the sacred edifice of the remains of St. Cuthbert.

Snail Tenacious of Life.

Snails are slow even when it comes to dying. One well known naturalist who had mounted a shell upon a card was surprised to find, four years later, that the warm water employed in soaking the shell off the mount had revived the inmate, which he had long supposed to be dried and dead.

Miners Use Tons of Stuff.

The miners of Cornwall, England, are the best customers of snuff merchants, their consumption being enormous. Nearly 100 tons of snuff—what is known as "violet snuff" is their favorite "sneeze"—will go down to them in a year, all done up in one-pound packets.

Cannibalism Must Stop.

With a quivering hand we clip from an Irish paper the following transcript of an official notice in a Dublin government office: "Under no circumstances must government messengers be used for luncheon."—London Daily News.

Took Much Nourishment.

During a recent all-night session the British house of commons disposed of 1,000 cups of coffee, 500 cups of tea, 370 whisky and sodas and 420 bottles of beer, 700 eggs and a few other things.

By the Pound.

Little Elsie—Mamma, how much do people pay a pound for babies? Mamma—Babies are not sold by the pound, my dear. Little Elsie—Then why do they always weigh them as they are born?

Radium for Research.

The radium mines at Joachimetal, in Austria, recently supplied the Vienna Academy of Science with 10 tons of uranium ore, and this has yielded $250,000 worth of radium, which is to be used for research

DEATH OF THE SHAH

Is Officially Announced At Teheran, Persia

SKETCH OF CAREER OF ECCENTRIC RULER

(By New England Press)

Teheran, Jan. 10—The death of the Shah of Persia was announced on Wednesday evening, the news being quietly received by the people.

Muzaffar-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, was born March 25, 1853, and succeeded to the throne on May 1, 1895, on the death of his father, Nasr-ed-Din, who was assassinated at Teheran by Molan Reza, a revolutionary fanatic of the Bali sect, which had been for a long time agitating for reforms in the government. The valiant, or heir apparent of Muzaffar-ed-Din, is his eldest son, Mohammed Ali Mirza, who was born in 1872.

It is within the power of the Persian monarch to alter or to overrule the existing law of succession and to leave the crown with disregard to the natural heir to any member of their family ,but preference is generally given to a son whose mother was a Kajar princess. The mother of Mohammed Ali Mirza was not a Kajar princess.

For a Persian, the late Shah is said to have had the kindliest disposition, and to have been extremely generous. He was a powerfully built man, fond of outdoor sports.

The Shah was, nevertheless, a man of great peculiarities. His visit to the Parish exposition in 1900 will never be forgotten in the French capital. While there he purchased carloads of things to be sent to Teheran. Among his purchases were fur coats, costing thousands of dollars, which he bought for his favorite wives, also automobiles, pianos, statuary, cameras by the score, bicycles and everything else that caught his fancy. It is said that some of the Paris merchants are still awaiting payment for the Shah's purchases.

The whole revenue of the country being at their disposal, recent sovereigns of Persia were able to amass large private fortunes, but that of Muzaffar-ed-Din is reported to have amounted to only $10,000,000, most of it represented by diamonds and other precious stones. These jewels were kept in the famous treasure room of the royal palace.

The royal family of Persia is very numerous. There are some thousands of princes and princesses, but the official year book mentions only about a hundred. Besides the heir-apparent, the sons of the late Shah are Malik Mansur Mirza, Shua-es-Saltanch, born 1880; Abu'l Fath Mirza, Salar ed Dowlah, born 1881; Abu'l Fazl Mirza, Azud es-Sultan, born 1883, and Husein Kull Mirza, born 1894. There are also twelve daughters.

The form of government of Persia is in its most important features similar to that of Turkey. All the laws are based on the precepts of the Koran and though the power of the Shah is absolute, it is only in so far as it is not opposed to the accepted doctrines of the Mohammedan religion, as laid down in the sacred book of the Prophet, his oral commentaries and sayings, and the interpretation of the same by his successors and the high priesthood.

The country contains an area of 628,000 square miles and is divided into thirty-three provinces, which are governed by governors-general, who are directly responsible to the central government. The population is estimated at about 9,500,000, of whom fewer than 1,500 are Europeans.

Many persons in the East have been looking forward to a disruption of the Persian empire on the death of Muzaffar-ed-Din. For many years England and Russia have been engaged in a diplomatic struggle, each striving to make its influence paramount at Teheran. Of late Germany also has displayed a disposition to have a finger in the pie. In the event of a dispute over the succession to the throne or other internal disorders that might offer excuse for intervention it is probable that a dissolution of the empire would ultimately result. Persia is rich in natural resources and produces great quantities of wheat, rice, barley, fruits, gums, drugs, wool, cotton, silk and opium. The fact that England and Russia have apparently reached an agreement makes the outlook less gloomy, however, than it would otherwise be.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

RECENT LEGAL DECISIONS.

A trade mark is held, in Falk vs. American West Indies T. company (N. Y.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 704, not to be assignable apart from the good will of the business to which it is attached.

The right to mandamus to compel payment of a salary to a public officer alleged to have been removed from office is upheld in State ex rel. Hamilton vs. Grant (Wyo.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 588.

A holder of a demand certificate of deposit issued by a bank is held, in Elliott vs. Capital City bank (Iowa), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1100, to be under no obligation to demand payment within the period of the statute of limitations.

A statute providing that no action shall be brought on a claim for usury after two years from the time the cause of action arose is held, in Slover vs. Union bank (Tenn.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 528, not to affect rights of action which accrued prior to its passage.

A barnman of a street railway company, charged with the duty of substituting a perfect car for one which has become disabled, is held, in Chicago Union Traction company vs. Sawusch (Ill.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 670, not to be a fellow servant of the conductors on the road.

SOME DEFINITIONS.

Race—A run for your money.

Bohemian—Talent without a napkin.

Paper Knife—An obstacle to criticism.

Philistine—Generally the man next door.

Watcher—One who makes the running.

Bookmaker—The recipient of money for your race.

Conclusive Evidence of a perfected product characterizes the ALES of the

PORTSMOUTH BREWING CO.

Our brewings are eminently distinguished for absolute purity

REFRIGERATOR MACHINERY PORTSMOUTH BREWING CO.

The superiority of our products are recognized and acknowledged throughout New England

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BREWERY AND OFFICE,

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PANT SALE

Only $1.48 Per Pair

We have made a big purchase of Men's Trousers direct from one of the Largest Clothing Manufacturing Houses in New York State. It represents their entire surplus stock of Winter Trousers which we bought for cash at ridiculously low prices by taking the entire lot. These goods, regardless of real values, we have marked to sell at one price:

---And That Price is $1.48 Per Pair.

Every Garment Represents the Latest Styles in Men's Trouserings.
They Show a Fine Collection of Wool and Worsted Effects.
Sale Opens Today and Will Continue for One Week Only.

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AT PRICES THAT WILL INTEREST THOSE PERSONS ECONOMICALLY INCLINED.

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Wood Letters, Scrolls and Ornaments for Signs a Specialty.
Plate Rail with Brackets and Combination Plate Rail and Picture Moulding
Picture Mouldings to Match all Papers.

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No. 23 Hanover Street.
Residence Telephone 52-

OVERTAXED

Hundreds of Portsmouth Readers Know What It Means

The kidneys are overtaxed;
Have too much to do.
They tell about it in many aches and pains—
Backache, sideache, headache,
Early symptoms of kidney ills.
Urinary troubles, diabetes, Bright's disease follow.

A Portsmouth citizen tells here a certain cure.

Lemuel White, living at 24 Bridge St., Portsmouth, N. H., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have done me more good than all the doctors' prescriptions and other remedies I have taken. Nearly eight years ago I gave a testimonial to the effect that Doan's Kidney Pills brought immediate relief to me after I had been troubled for five years with kidney trouble. At that time I was annoyed with pains and aches in the small of the back around the kidneys. The action of the kidney secretions was weak and I was obliged to rise five or six times during the night. I was weighed down with languor and lack of energy and when I came home at night I would be so nervous that I could hardly read my papers. Seeing how highly Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended I procured a box at Philbrick's Pharmacy and began using them. They seemed to act right on the kidneys at once, corrected the urinary difficulties and backache, and before I had taken two boxes I could sit comfortably and read my paper without nervousness and my health was much improved. Though it was in 1897 that I had my experience with Doan's Kidney Pills I am still confident that a better remedy does not exist."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

A New Hotel
at the Old Stand
$250,000 has not been spent
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Telephone at office and residence.

On Fashion's Highway

By FRANCES RIVERS

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Toward five o'clock, on a supremely hot July day, Mr. Godfrey Boyne strolled leisurely along the gravel path of the promenade.

He loitered, seemingly at random, making his way slowly between groups of animated people, stopping for no reason, and remained idly agaze over the heads of the crowd on fashion's highway.

Amongst these men, immaculately valeted, in all this fashionable life which, motley and picturesque, displayed its plumage in the sunshine to the envy of the unfashionable in the shade, he was an alien, made so by ten years' expatriation.

At any rate, he thought, applying this recollection as healing unction to the scratches imprinted on his vanity by the acid of such general forgetfulness, Audrey has remembered; and he, smiling, recalled the facility with which intimacy with Lady Annandale had been resumed; the friendly informality with which she had reentered into relations with him; the bewildering immensity of her social influence; the celebrity which, at first as the wife, then as the widow, of a viscount, notorious in career and memory for his many vices, she had acquired.

He had taken himself to Fashion's highway, the purpose of joining Lady Annandale being less distinct in his thoughts than the wish to see her. So immersed was he in reflection that he failed to notice that a victoria had stopped opposite to him. Suddenly a footman addressed him:

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but her ladyship sent me to say that she wishes to speak to you."

Godfrey turned; Lady Annandale was stepping from the carriage.

"You can go home," said she to the footman.

"Very good, my lady."

Then she gave to Godfrey her hand.

"This place—" she glanced round at the radiant prospect—"seems scarcely the spot suited to serious discussion. We might, perhaps, over there."

So, side by side, Lady Annandale and Mr. Godfrey Boyne walked across the soft, green turf and established themselves upon chairs under the sweet-scented lime trees, whose sheltering boughs masked them from observation.

He beamed amiably round.

"This is certainly very nice," he assented.

"I have brought you here, that you may continue your last night's interrupted account of the woman with whom you were in love," said she.

"Was in love? It's absurd to use the past tense. I am in love with her. Love is not a state from which you can recover as from an epidemic. I am, of course, speaking of the real thing."

"I see; something other than flirtation."

"Flirtation is but the froth of love."

Lady Annandale laughed. "Passion! does your real thing include that?"

"Passion is love's dregs, besides being Cupid's pseudonym for the work he is ashamed to acknowledge."

"I had no idea I was speaking to an expert; but how, may I ask, did you come to study the subject so profoundly?"

"In Ceylon, beyond love's influence, I devoted some attention to the science."

She raised her eyebrows.

"Is that all you learned?"

"That, and to make money."

"To make money?"

"Certainly. I'm a wealthy tea-planter of Ceylon."

"A wealthy tea-planter, did you say? But to return to your love," she suggested.

"You can't return to a thing you've never parted from, can you?"

"Then you know more of the subject?"

"A great deal more."

"How much?"

"Here it is. I see a boy and girl, the joyful intimacy of their childhood deepening into the poetry of youth—"

"And, of course, the girl knows that the boy loves her?"

"Naturally; since not an hour of the day passes but he tells her so."

"Tells her? Surely not."

"By every means in his power, except his tongue. He doesn't put it into words, because he knows that to do so would be hopeless if she doesn't understand without that."

"Don't you think she might make a mistake if he says nothing?"

"But she must know that he dreams his dream of the future, in which, having made a nest and lined it softly with down, he will come to her and say: 'It awaits you.' Then he hopes that, with the gracious spirit manifest in all her bearing, the girl, with love and tenderness shining from her eyes, would, putting her hand in his, say: 'I am ready.'"

"Your vision is charming, idyllic; but how about the girl and her dreary days of waiting, for I suppose the boy to have gone off into the world?"

"He had to go into it to fill his man's part."

"Before going he should have told her in words of his love."

"You really think that his doing so would have made any difference—when all that he was then in a position to ask was faithfulness?"

Lady Annandale sighed.

"This particular girl was probably brought up to marry, as, had she been a boy, she would have been brought up to some profession. In your vision, what became of her?"

"She fulfilled what I see you consider to have been her destiny."

"Marriage?"

"Yes; she married a peer."

"And was happy ever after, according to the formula?"

"I suppose so. Isn't every woman happy who achieves rank and is an acknowledged beauty?"

"And the boy?"

"Woke from rosy dreams in the sunlight to find that in the time of his slumbering the sky had become overcast."

"And blamed the girl for a fault that was his own?"

"No; he didn't blame her, but for a time he was heartbroken."

"Did he lose sight of her altogether?"

"Not altogether; for when, in the fullness of time, she was again free, he came back to her."

"And he found her the same?"

"This woman's beauty is a fact of an astonishing order, and she is ten times more lovely even than she was."

"Her nature. Has that deteriorated?" Lady Annandale spoke earnestly; her face was grave and sad.

"To test that is very simple."

"Really?"

"I have but to say to her: 'Marry me, and let us together renew the simplicity of our youth.' The nest—you remember that I spoke of a nest—?"

She bowed her head.

"Is fairly lined. Will you with it accept my heart and name?"

Lady Annandale's arms of aggression, even of defense, were possibly close at hand, but she made no attempt to reach them, and was not maladroit in thus leaving them untouched; for this harmlessness of attitude on her part induced Godfrey to lay aside his buckler of suspicion, and in reply to her "Then this visit of yours is, I take it, a tribute—a small tribute to youthful sentiment, to a dead love?" he, as lightly rejoined:

"By no means. Love, amongst the other attributes which I have enumerated, resembles a sachet, with the scent of which we are so familiar

"I Couldn't Go," She Interrupted.

that it is advisable sometimes to shake it up anew."

Then, seriously, he added: "Oh, my dearest, we have lost ten years!"

"You would wish to take me to Ceylon?"

He saw the pupils of her eyes contract at the unattractiveness of the suggestion.

"Of course, if—"

If Godfrey had come to her with the intention she believed, or even if this intention had been caused by the spell of proximity, he must be no longer mistaken in her meaning. "I couldn't go," she interrupted.

"Then we will leave Ceylon to take care of itself," he said, carelessly, taking no more notice of her words than if she had not said them.

"You seriously mean that?"

"I was never more serious in my life. I will abandon that nest and make another over here."

"Then we come to the second count—your heart. Are you quite, quite sure that it is negotiable flesh, not in a battered condition?"

"I swear—"

"You needn't; for, oddly enough, I believe you."

"You are the only woman I have ever cared for."

"Does not every man tell every woman that?" She looked into his eyes and laughed.

Then, across this chasm Lady Annandale lightly threw a plank, accomplishing with a woman's dexterity, more in one moment than Godfrey had been able to do in weeks of arduous work.

Vaguely, in a tremor of unformulated hope, Godfrey saw that that which had appeared to him as the end might really be but the beginning.

"In all the phrases, creeds, commonplaces which you have said of love, you have omitted to enumerate the only attributes that woman recognizes," said she, and paused to beg him, by a little Sphinx-like smile, to pay attention to her words.

"These are its power of over-riding every obstacle; of conferring upon woman a title higher than that of queen."

"Go on, go on, go on," he stammered.

She looked straight into his eyes.

"You are dense and stupid if you cannot understand how dear to some women may be the name of 'wife.'"

HANK PETERS' CONVERSION

By EMMETT C. HALL

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

There had not been a breath of air for an hour, when suddenly there came a sigh from far away in the starlit dimness, and a strong puff of wind blew the smoke from the fire fairly into the Old Man's face as he lay luxuriously upon the ground, his head upon a saddle. He sat up, coughing, and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Which I'm free to maintain," he presently remarked, "is that there ain't but one thing in this world more unexpected than a fire."

"'Tain't women," Charlie said, pausing in his occupation of producing doleful airs from a mouth organ. "You shore can count on them. Ain't no doubt 'bout what they'll do an' the answer is 'you.'"

"Which I was remarkin' when this here saddle-galled Charlie busts into the arena, is," the Old Man continued, "that there's jest one thing more uncertain than a fire. Which is a woman."

Charlie's scornful reply was suddenly cut short by some one sitting upon him, and he subsided with a grunt.

"There was a little bit of a gal comes to the Rainwater country once," the Old Man drawled, his pipe hanging loosely between his teeth, "an' you shore would athought you could calculate which way she would probably jump if a rattler buzzed, but shucks! She was a woman.

"This little gal was the daughter of a eastern sky pilot that had come out for his health, and was kinder puttin' in his time pintin' us poor Rainwater folks at the great shinin' target, as he put it. She came out to see him durin' her college vacation, an' right away gospil stock jumped clean over the top of the blackboard. This little girl had a way of takin' hold of your hand an' lookin' wistfully out of her big blue eyes, an' sayin': 'Surely I'll see you at services Sunday?' that just plumb convinced you that church was the very thing you had been a-pinin' for ever since Christmas.

"Well, this here little gal—Virginia Dayton was her name—shorely did run that Rainwater country to suit herself! An' somehow it wasn't half as bad as you would calculate 'twould a been. For all her big blue eyes an' blow-away hair she was a shore-'nough sport, an' would ride anything that had four logs.

"There was two of the boys, Ned Carter, from the Two Stars, an' Hank Peters, from the Double Cross, that was just plumb locoed over this here gal, an' she seemed to like both of them a right smart—that is, week days. Sundays she give them the frozen glance. Which same was because they wouldn't neither of 'em come to her dad's services.

"Well, these two was runnin' 'bout neck an' neck, an' Ned was gettin' wild, didn't seem to have no control of hisself no how. Bet he bought 15 silk scarfs, an' held up a greaser with his gun an' made him sell him his big silver spurs. He had plumb gone to the end of his rope when he thought he saw a chance to make a hit, an' he jumped in with both feet.

"Virginia's dad was hidin' a revival, an' Ned figgers to himself that if he was to get converted it would boost up his stock a whole lot, so he sails in. Which same would have been all right if it had been anybody but Ned, but he never could do anything moderate. All that shoutin' an' singin' kinder goes to his head, an' he's got two different brands of loco in his system at the same time.

"This here move of Ned's sure stumps Hank for awhile, but he braces up, an' 'lows he'll amble 'round some evenin' an' see what kind of a cold deck proposition this here is, anyhow. Which same he does.

"When he gets to the door it's early, so he kinder hangs round to see what brand of mavericks is frequentin' this range, anyhow. He's a scoutin' around therefore when he sees Virginia comin' along the trail hangin' onto Ned Carter's arm, an' a-lookin' up from time to time into his face. I ambled along 'bout that time, myself, an' I never did see anybody look more 'an half as foolish an' happy as Ned did. They goes on into the Doxology works, an' then Hank slides in an' takes a back seat unpretentious like. Hank never was no hand to jump into a game without first walkin' around the room.

"Well, presently they commenced to get up steam, an' they shorely jerked her wide open! Of all the excitement I ever did see, outside of a Indian pain-killer dance, that meetin' had it beat a mile. Every once in awhile some mavarick would let out a yell an' go a-plungin' up to the mourners' bench an' that would start 'em all over again. Presently some of the most earnest ones comes a-plowin' back to drag up others that ain't yet seen the light. 'Mong these here was Ned. He seed Hank a-settin' there with a kinder disdainful air, an' he makes a bee-line for him.

"'Come on an' git washed of your sins, yo' poor benighted heathen!' he yells at Hank.

"'Huh! What for?' says Hank. 'Seems like ter me that this here is a plumb weak an' foolish business fer a grown man.'

"'It ain't none weak fer me, an' I'm some over six,' Ned says, restrainin' hisself, 'count of the fact that Virginia has kinder sidled 'round that way an' was listenin'. 'You come up an' git washed.'

"'Fer what?' Hank says again, a whole lot disdainful.

"'To save you from hell, for which same you're on the express with no return ticket,' Ned says, a whole lot earnest.

"'Hell? Huh! Hain't none!' says Hank, contemptuously.

"'Ain't?' says Ned, peelin' his coat. 'Looks like you're one of them that has to be showed,' he continued, an' then they tangled.

"An' they shorely did tangle. Never saw such a beauty of a mixup in all my life. Couldn't tell what was goin' on for a minute or two, an' then I heard Ned ask:

"'Is thar a hell?'

"'No, thar ain't!' Hank pants, and then there was more commotion.

"'Is thar any hell now?' I frequently heard Ned say, an' Hank let out a yell.

"'Thar shore is!' he pants, an' soon as Ned rolls off him he makes a charge for that mourners' bench like he was in front of a stampede.

"'You certainly believe in the church militery, Mr. Carter,' Virginia says, wipin' the tears out of her eyes. 'That was the best scrimmage I ever saw. I wish Jack could have seen it—he's the lightweight champion of the east, you know. We are going to be married next month, on the quiet, and if you ever come east, you want to look us up.'"

"Of course—now that gal I knew in Yuma—" Charlie began, but was promptly smothered with a blanket.

"Which the funny part of it was," the Old Man concluded, "Ned goes off prompt on a rampage and shoots up Redblanket and the Sheriff, an' Hank stuck to the gospel outfit like wool to a cactus, an' now is a kind of deputy sky pilot hisself."

LIVING ON ONE TREE.

Cocoanut Supplies Almost All the Wants of the Ceylon Peasant.

To a native of Ceylon if there were nothing else on earth wherewith to minister to his necessities than the cocoanut tree, that native could pass his existence in ease and happiness.

His bolts and bars are slips of the bark. His plot of chillies, tobacco and fine grain is fenced with the leaf stalk. His children are swung to sleep in a net of string made solely from the husk of the fruit.

Their meals of rice and scraped cocoanut are boiled over a fire of cocoanut shells and husks, and are eaten off a dish formed of the plaited green leaves of the trees with spoons cut out of the nutshells.

When thirsty he drinks of the fresh juice of the young nut; when hungry he eats its soft kernel.

In merry mood he sips a glass of "arrack" distilled from the fermented juice of the palm, and dances to the music of rude cocoanut castanets; his coffee he sweetens with cocoanut sugar and sips it by the light of a lamp constructed from the cocoanut shell and fed by cocoanut oil.

The doors, windows, shelves, chairs of his house are invariably made from the wood of the tree, while his forks, mugs, saltcellars, jars, basins are all constructed from the wood of the tree.

Indeed, the cocoanut tree may be said to be the great "incident" of his life, for over his couch when born, and over his grave when buried, a bunch of cocoanut blossoms is hung to charm away evil spirits.—Stray Stories.

No Duplicate Chandeliers.

"Did you ever notice," said the observing man, "that every public building has chandeliers unlike those of any other public building? There are no duplicates. You go into one church and you see a handsome chandelier that it would seem worth while to duplicate for another church, but you never find it in another church. You go into a big hall and you'll observe some stunning globes and chandelier fixtures and look for 'em in some other big hall, but they're not there.

"I don't know what principle the makers of chandeliers go on, whether it is a matter of pride with them not to fit out two buildings alike, or whether contractors for such buildings insist on exclusive designs; but the chandelier people must employ some remarkably versatile artists to think up so many different designs. It seems like a waste of money to make only one of a kind, but it is a pleasure to know that hall or home may be exclusive in its chandeliers."

Plenty of Room There Now.

When ministers exchange they usually preach old sermons, but, however, they generally look over the MS. carefully to see if the local points need alteration.

A Somerville preacher many years ago went to Andover to preach and neglected this simple precaution. In his discourse was an allusion to the insane asylum at Somerville, and forgetting for the moment that he was in Andover, he said:

"Sooner than a child of mine should be subjected to such influences. I would be willing to have him confined in yonder institution."

And the good man pointed directly at the Andover Theological seminary.

Millinery Argument.

Mrs. Modus—Well, George, you promised me a new bonnet.

George—I? Promised you a new bonnet? Great Scot! When?

Mrs. Modus—Before you married me you swore that never should disgrace rest upon my head through you; and what do you call this shabby thing but a disgrace?

IN THE FIGHTING COUNTRY

By FRANK H. MELOON

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Major Tracey's opinions of the Treaty of Paris, which gave the Philippines and their ten million brown heathen over to the civilized influences of American arms, would hardly have borne repeating in the presence of his superior officers of the War Department at Washington, D. C., as he mused in front of his untempting quarters in the enervating afternoon heat of the little island village of Majon.

"Lieutenant, Captain, Major, Colonel, General," the major kept repeating. Well, he mused, he had reached the halfway mark of the five grades at a very decent season of life, the other two being more often attained by age than by merit.

In Manila the major's battalion had found life endurable. There were means of entertainment, if one could call it by that name. In the Philippines anything that diverts one's attention from the humdrum round of daily existence is termed entertainment; but after a sufficient time has elapsed, everything fails to turn the mind from its wearying contemplation of the eternal sameness. Then it is that a man goes out into the bush and musters himself out of service. The official records are generally kind enough to lay it to the natives.

The major looked past a clump of bamboos and saw Captain Manson lounging lazily on the ground, which was baking around him like the clay moulds in a brick kiln. Captain Manson looked intolerably old and ugly. He was smoking a misshapen Filipino cigar. He had been in the Philippines seven years. He had come as a second lieutenant, appointed from civil life, with one of the first companies to cross the Pacific in a leaky transport after Dewey's memorable May celebration in Manila Bay. After all, reflected Major Tracy, fortune had been more kind to him than to Captain Manson. Had not Dr. Carey whispered only the day before that the captain's chances of living another twelvemonth were slim? The captain knew it, too. A weak heart liable to be aggravated by excitement is not a nice thing to have inside one's ribs in a country where one is liable to be popped at from the scraggy bush at any moment, like a jackrabbit.

"I've nothing to go home for. If I had had, I would have gone long ago. If I've got to die soon, I'd as lief it would be here as anywhere," Captain Manson had said.

Dr. Carey had told the story to the major with an unfeeling brutality that had jarred upon his nerves, rendered tense and irritable by the infernal heat of the sun.

Assuredly, thought the major, he did not like this Dr. Carey, who had come from no one knew where. Dr. Carey never volunteered any information about his past life. His appointment to the army, it was known, had been due to civil service and a private pull in congress. Dr. Carey was undeniably handsome. He had an air of refinement which the major admitted to himself jealously, no one else in the battalion could acquire. It was something to be born in one. Dr. Carey had cut a wide swath among the belles of Manila, and his evident chagrin at having to depart therefrom had been the one consolation the other officers of the mess had found for coming to Majon.

And now Major Tracy's thoughts went back to the day from which he had ever since computed time—the day he had met 'Rita, who later had become his wife. 'Rita was a slender, city-bred girl of the East with a face exquisitely feminine in the Puritan delicacy of its outlines and expression. Her father was the descendant of a family which had acquired the foundation of its permanent fortunes by receiving and vending the wares of smugglers in Colonial days. He had married a favorite cousin.

His thoughts of 'Rita alone in Manila took effect that evening, when he broached the subject uppermost in his mind to Captain Manson and Dr. Carey, telling them of his intention to write the next day for his wife to come out into the hill country and join the battalion.

"She'll break up this deadly ennui that's come over us all," he concluded.

"Aren't you afraid to have her come out here?" objected Captain Manson. "The little brown devils are most dangerous when things appear most quiet on the surface."

"I guess they'll leave us alone until the rainy season," replied Major Tracy easily. "We're in such force that I don't apprehend any trouble before then, but I'll have her return to Manila before that sets in, even if we aren't ordered back there ourselves by that time."

Dr. Carey continued smoking, watching the brilliant constellations set in the sparkling heights of the tropical heavens. He said nothing. When Major Tracy sent the letter to his wife in Manila next day, Dr. Carey, at the last minute, asked permission to send a letter himself. The guard who set out with the message could not fail to note that the major's and the doctor's went to the same woman.

Things went well for the first fortnight after the "little woman," as the major called her affectionately, arrived in Majon. There was something very enjoyable in riding through the quaint growths of the Orient every morning with one of the officers as a companion and with an armed escort close at hand in case there happened to be danger lurking in the deeps of the bamboo thickets. There was the convent, too, where the native women did drawn work in pino cloth and wove the shifting colors of the sunshine into silks of exquisite beauty on hand-made looms. The noonday siesta was usually followed by a visit to the market place, where the native children played, and where the most ferocious devils, in the guise of most humble and obsequious natives, came to buy and sell. And not least was the soldiers' hospital to which she sent the chino coolies with fruit and cocoanuts.

But there came a day when all these things ceased to interest. A desperate flirtation with Dr. Carey, begun in Manila under stress of the same boredom of things in general, was, unknown to the major, renewed; the letter had referred to the possibility. For a time the major remained in blissful ignorance, but the hour for enlightening came at last. Awaking from his siesta earlier than usual, he walked into his little house and looked out through the small, square shells that did duty as window panes on the farther end; he was just in time to see Dr. Carey take leave of his wife in the manner peculiar to relatives, lovers and husbands.

The next day the little brown men came down from the hills of the north. The major left his wife to return to Manila with Captain Manson and a heavy escort. He did not bid her good by. As soon as she had gone, he ordered an advance of two companies. Dr. Carey accompanied the one under his command.

The two rode out to make a reconnaisance beyond the rice paddies to a point where a rise of land hid them from the view of the company. They were no sooner out of sight, than the major addressed his companion grimly.

"There's no use arguing, doctor, and I presume you won't care to when you know I've learned at last what has for some time past been common talk with the battalion. You're man enough to understand me, I take it?"

Major Tracy drew his revolver as he concluded.

"Yes?" interrogated the doctor. "Go ahead."

"Shall it be ten or twenty paces?"

"To oblige you, I'll say fifteen," responded the doctor, smiling as if in a box at the theater.

The two men stood back to back and began to walk forward. The major counted the paces aloud.

"We wil lturn and fire at the fifteenth," he said.

At the thirteenth, Dr. Carey wheeled about quickly, raising his Remington to fire at the back of the unsuspecting man. At the same instant there was a puff of smoke from the bamboo thicket, followed by another and another. The doctor fell.

For a moment, regardless of the soft patter of bullets all about him, the major stood above the fallen form of Dr. Carey. "It has saved me the trouble," he mused. Then he leaped quickly to the shelter of a rice dike until a detail of skirmishers came at double quick around the hillock, causing the little brown men, leaving their dead and wounded behind them, to make off as quickly as they had come.

Honesty Its Own Reward.

The customs officers in an American port of entry, which shall not be named, recently had a novel experience and made a novel ruling.

A well-known New York man took a trip abroad. During his journey he bought lavishly of bric-a-brac, rugs, draperies, pictures, etc., for furnishing a new house he was building. At the beginning of his trip he made a list of every purchase, setting opposite it the exact amount he had paid for it. Also he kept all his receipted bills for these purchases.

On landing in America with his collection he handed the customs inspectors the full list of items and the vouchers, explained to them that all the goods were for his own use, turned over to them his trunks, boxes, etc., for inspection, and asked how much duty he would have to pay.

The officers were stunned by his honesty. They held a consultation and then sent for the traveler.

"Mr. ——," they said, through their spokesman, "this is the most novel experience of our lives. In view of your amazing honesty we have decided to let the entire shipment go through without inspection and without duties.

Not Upright Citizens.

Marlboro has never lacked ardent politicians, but in its "town meeting" days none displayed greater zeal in the cause or a keener sense of parliamentary fitness than John C—.

During one particularly heated and crowded session, the moving of the men from seat to aisle made the result of the rising vote very uncertain. John protested in vain. Finally he could endure it no longer and electrified the company by jumping to his feet and announcing:

"Mr. Moderator, there are men standing here who will neither sit nor stand."—Boston Herald.

The Prosaic Side.

The girl took the knitted spread out of the trunk to put on her brass bed.

"I hate to use it," she sighed. "I can remember how many years it took that poor little grandmother of mine to knit it, day in and day out—about five, I believe. It does seem a pity, unless it was a great pleasure for her just to sit and knit, to have spent so much time on such a spread when you can get a prettier one now at any department store for a dollar ninety-eight."

Boston & Maine R R

WINTER ARRANGEMENT

In Effect Oct. 8, 1906

EASTERN DIVISION

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.25, 6.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.22, 7.43 p. m. Sunday, 3.25, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.55, *5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday *9.55, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m. Sunday, *9.55 a. m.

For Old Orchard—9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m. Sunday, *9.55 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.55 p. m.

For Somersworth—*4.50, *9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—*4.50, *9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.50, 2.55, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.50, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday, 9.55, 10.48 a. m., 8.47 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—6.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 3.30, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m. Sunday 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 6.20 p. m. Sunday, 8.30 a. m., 12.45 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.09 a. m., 12.48, *3.52 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 3.23 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 5.23 p. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33, 10.00, *10.08 a. m., 4.05, 5.35 p. m. Sunday, 7.15 a. m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.59, 6.16, 7.26 p. m. Sunday, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 5.05, 6.21, 7.31 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m., 12.02, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 10.18 a. m., 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave,

Concord—7.46, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55p . m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

*Via Dover and Western Division.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to all Points in the United States and Canada.

D. J. FLANDERS, P. T. M.
C. M. BURT, G. P. A.

Cemetery Lots

CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.

With increased facilities, the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale; also Loam and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards Avenue and South Street, or by mail, or with Oliver W. Hanf, 1 Market Street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN.

Atlantic Shore Line Ry.

(Western Division)

In effect Sept. 17, 1906. Subject to change without notice. Unavoidable delays excepted.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Eliot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and half hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 4.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a. m., and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Eliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Eliot and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

For York—8.00 a. m., and every two hours until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m., and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Eliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and half hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Eliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.

Tel. Call—41-2 Portsmouth.

S. G.
LONDRES
10 Cent Cigar
Has No Equal.
S. GRYZMISH,
MANUFACTURER

FOR TEN YEARS

We have been engaged in the Monumental, Granite and Marble Business in the neighboring city of Dover, and later in Rochester, N. H., and Waterville, Me. During this time we have set considerable monumental work in Portsmouth and surrounding towns. Now that we have located in Portsmouth, we shall endeavor to build up the same large volume of trade here that we have at our other shops, by the same business principles, viz.: High Grade Work at Reasonable Prices.

Call and inspect our stock. We are now quoting special prices.

FRED C. SMALLEY,

Marble and Granite Dealer, Successor to Thos. G. Lester,

NO. 2 WATER STREET.

U. S. Revenue returns show

7-20-4

Factory made in October more than One Million. This is the largest output of any Union Made 10c cigar in the United States.

R. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr.
Manchester, N. H.

Boxes of 25 for the holidays.

Portsmouth, Dover & York Street Railway

WINTER ARRANGEMENT

In Effect Monday, Sept. 17, 1906

Subject to change and correction without notice.

Main Line—Outward

Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for North Hampton *6.15 a. m. For Lang's Corner, Cable Road, Rye Beach, Little Boars Head and North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at *7.05 a. m., and hourly until 9.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at **5.30 a. m., *6.45 a. m., ‖10.05 p. m. Sunday only, for North Hampton, 7.35 a. m. Sunday only, for Sagamore Hill, 10.05 a. m. On Theatre Nights ‖10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance. Cars leaving 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 3.05, 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. make connection for North Hampton.

Main Line—Inward

Leave North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at *8.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road **6.10 a. m., *7.30 a. m. and *10.40 p. m. Sunday only, leave Sagamore Hill for Market Square at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop

Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Market Square at **6.35 a. m., **7.05 a. m., and half hourly until *10.35 p. m. and x11.05 p. m. Via Middle Street only at 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to car barn only.

Christian Shore Loop

Via Islington Street and Via Market Street—Leave Market Square at **6.35 a. m., **7.05 a. m., and half hourly until *10.35 p. m. and x11.05 p. m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station via Islington street, 16 minutes; via Market street, 4 minutes. Last cars each night run to car barn only.

North Hampton Line—Weekdays

Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 3.00 p. m., 5.45, 7.05 p. m., connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.30, 11.19, a. m., 2.35 and 5.13 p. m. trains for Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30, 9.30, xx11.00 a. m., 2.30 p. m., xx5.05 and 6.25 p. m., connecting with 9.28 a. m., 11.55 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5.05 and 6.21 trains from Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only xx11.55 a. m. xx1.00 p. m., 2.00, 3.40, xx4.00, 4.32, 7.35, xx8.00, xx9.00 and xx10.00 p. m. Car leaving North Hampton, 4.32 p. m. connects at Little Boars Head, for Rye Beach and Cable Road until October 7, 1906.

Leave Little Boars Head for North Hampton Station at 12.50 p. m., 1.50, 2.10, 3.50, 4.20, 4.50, 7.50, 8.50 and 9.50 p. m.

Sundays

Leave Little Boars Head at 8.50 a. m. and hourly until 9.50 p. m.

Returning—Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 9.03 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Boars Head.

*Omitted Sundays.

**Omitted Holidays.

‖Runs to Little Boars Head Saturdays only.

xSaturdays only.

xxMake close connections for Portsmouth.

City Office: Room 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth. Telephone, 233.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Supt.
C. M. BURT, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, *7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, *10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. P. REES,
Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard.
Approved: W. W. MEAD,
Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commandant

LADIES
Dr. LaFrance's
Compound Oil of Pennyroyal Pills
Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator
Superior to other remedies, sold at high prices. Cure guaranteed. Successfully used by over 200,000 Women. Price, $5 Cents, druggists or by mail. Testimonials and booklet free.
Dr. LaFrance, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GIRL AT THE MILLINER'S

By ISABEL HOWARD

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"I don't quite like this hat you trimmed for me. Can you alter the arrangement while I wait?"

"Certainly, Miss Hilda. I am very sorry it did not give satisfaction."

"Oh, there isn't much the matter!" and the young girl proceeded to instruct the milliner as to the alterations she desired.

"If you will sit down a few minutes, Miss Hilda, I will take the hat to the workroom and put it right."

Miss Hilda, however, could not sit still for long. She moved about the showroom, examining the goods with critical eye and, while thus engaged, the curtains which shut off this department from the shop opened and a lady and gentleman entered.

The former was tall and dignified, albeit young and beautiful.

Bestowing the merest glance upon Hilda, she said, in somewhat haughty tones:

"Will you please show me some sailor hats?"

"Certainly, madam. White or black?"

"Oh, of course—white!"

It was easy to select a goodly number from the pile on the table, and Hilda handed one after another, trying to make some apropos remark respecting each.

But a sudden confusion overwhelmed her on discovering that the man's eyes were fixed upon her face. Could he be anyone she ought to know? Surely she had never seen him before. If so, what must he think?

Luckily at that moment the milliner returned, and Hilda made a sign to her to attend to her new customer while she herself slipped into the background, feeling rather hot and uncomfortable.

When the two had departed, she said:

"They took me for one of your assistants, so I—"

"Oh!" the tone was quite shocked, but Hilda laughed gayly.

Meanwhile the other lady and her brother were riding home in a smart little dogcart.

"You know, Theo, there is nothing for you but a rich marriage," she was saying. "Where should I be now if I had not married well?"

"Exactly so!"

An irritated expression came into his eyes. "It is so different for a woman, though," he said. "And moreover, you were safely married before the crash came."

"Yes, thank goodness! But I don't understand the other part of your remark."

"Why, a man ought to be able to fend for himself, without wanting his wife to keep him. No, I can't do it!"

"Can't do what?"

"Make a mercenary marriage."

"Why, dear boy, only this morning you said that you had never been in love—that one woman was the same as another to you, and that you did not care whom you married so long as she was passable to look at!"

"Yes, but I am not going to marry; I intend to have just one little fling for the next few months while my cash lasts, and then go—oh—to the Klondike, the Philippines—anywhere."

"Theo! Are you mad?"

"No—just recovering my senses and my self-respect."

"Everyone says that Miss Eversley is very pretty, and she is fabulously rich."

"Oh, hang Miss Eversley!" And mentally, he continued: "But that little milliner! What glorious eyes she has, and what exquisite coloring, and what a mouth! The idea of such a divinity having to earn her living in a place like that."

"At all events, you will see her next week, and then you can judge for yourself."

"See—whom?"

"Why, Miss Eversley, of course. Were we not speaking of her?"

She would have been hugely disturbed could she have watched Theodore during the ensuing days. He haunted the little market town of Norton until he felt that he knew every pane of glass in every one of the windows, and before the draper's he planted himself for a full hour at a time every morning, reading the various tickets, examining the goods, and now and then venturing boldly inside to buy a pair of gloves or a necktie, until the proprietor began to regard him as an amiable lunatic.

"And to think she is a shop girl!" he said. "Her face, her voice, her accent are all perfect! Of course her dress must be—they have to dress well to keep up the honor of the establishment. Oh, hang it all! Why is fate so unkind? I know Cissie will be wild if she gets a glimmer of the state of affairs, but—either that girl shall be my wife or I will remain a bachelor."

On reaching Mrs. Bertram's house, one morning he found that lady in a great state of excitement.

"I have seen her!" were her first words.

"And who is 'her?'"

"Miss Eversley. She is a lovely little thing, Theo, and—she is fancy free, for her own mother said so."

"To you! On first acquaintance?"

"No, indeed! I happened to overhear a remark she was making to an old friend of hers. I went to return their call to-day, and though I only had two minutes of the girl's company, I am convinced she would satisfy even you."

"And I am quite equally convinced that she would not!" he returned, almost savagely.

"Why, Theo, I cannot imagine what has come over you just lately. You used to be quite agreeable to the idea of my looking out for a wife for you."

"Well, I have changed my mind and prefer to do the looking out myself. Forgive me, Clarie, I did not mean to be a bear, but you must acknowledge that the fact of your having managed your own affairs so well does not prove that your direction in mine would be equally satisfactory. Money and love do not always go together."

"You used to say love did not matter," she pouted.

"And do you indorse that statement? Would you be happy if you disliked Jack?"

"Oh, well—I couldn't do that, you know. He is—Jack. But you will see her to-morrow night at the Smith's dinner."

A desperate resolution had come to him. He must see the girl at Parker's.

Accordingly, he wrote a note, trying to express all he felt. Then he walked into Norton, marched boldly into Par-

"Yes."

ker's shop and through the curtains, as if he might be intending to order millinery for his sister.

To his disappointment, only the elder milliner was there and, with some difficulty, he made her understand that he wished the epistle delivered to the girl he had seen on his former visit.

The good woman was fairly nonplussed at first, then after a moment's thought said she would deliver the missive.

When her day's work was at an end she walked to the other end of town, went up a long drive leading to a fine old country house, at the door of which she asked to see Miss Hilda.

The young lady received her very kindly, but blushed a good deal on hearing what she had to say.

"And who is the gentleman?" she asked.

"A Mr. Wilding—brother-in-law to Mr. Bertram, who has just rented the Bonner's home for the summer," answered the milliner.

When left alone, Hilda sat for some minutes before opening the note, and was astonished to find that her heart was beating excitedly. The perusal left her more excited still.

"Really, Theo, I shall have to leave you at home if you are so absent-minded!" remonstrated Mrs. Bertram on the following evening.

"I wish you would!" he made answer, gloomily. "Jack is quite able to take care of you without me."

"Certainly. But you were expressly invited, and unmarried men are more welcome than Benedicts, as a rule."

They were the first arrivals at Mrs. Smith's, and in quick succession after them came sundry dowagers with heavy husbands, sporting sons and countrified daughters.

"The Eversley's are late," remarked Mrs. Smith. But just then the door opened and they were announced.

Theodore looked up with an air of vexed inquiry. What would this girl be like whom his sister was trying to force down his throat?

He saw an exquisite dress, a faultless figure and—the face of his little milliner!

For an instant the room seemed to turn round with him and he was only recalled to his senses by feeling his sister's eyes fixed upon him triumphantly.

Though he had not the happiness of taking Miss Hilda Eversley in to dinner, he sat next to her and, under cover of other people's conversation, managed to say:

"Is it really you or is it your double?"

"Here or in Parker's shop?" was the saucy reply.

"Then you are one and the same! I cannot understand!"

"I am not surprised at that. I will explain some time."

Then he summoned up courage to say:

"Did you receive my letter?"

Her eyes dropped and she answered "Yes."

"Are you offended? I could not help it."

"Why should I be if you really could not help it?"

"And your reply?" he was emboldened to ask.

"I thought it would be better to deliver it in person."

It was an odd place for a proposal—a noisy dinner table—but two hearts were as happy as if they had had the whole universe to themselves, and it never even struck Theodore to remember that, after all, he would be making a wealthy marriage.

The Antiquary's Paradise

By DESMOND F. T. CORÉ

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

It seemed almost inevitable.

Ever since I had read about the place in a daily of two years ago I had fought the great temptation. It was almost relinquished, when in the second number of a new Journal for Collectors I came upon a heading, "The Antiquary's Paradise." I protest, I tried not to read the article. I knew what I should find—the glories of the Friday curio-mart in the Metropolitan meat market. I was determined not to read it. But I did.

Then I told the Female Connoisseur, and my fate was fixed. "We must go," she said, in grim resolve. The Female Connoisseur has a great way with her.

"We?" I echoed dully.

"You and I," was her stern answer.

I tried diplomacy. I told her that it was a long way off. It was no place for a woman (here she snorted). It was dirty, very dangerous. I told her that half the mysterious disappearances in the city were from that part of town.

This seemed only to rouse the spirit of romance in her. Her eyes glistened. "Oh! won't it be fascinating?"

"You must put on the very dirtiest of clothes," I said, with inspiration—dress seemed the most vulnerable point—"otherwise they'll raise their prices double."

"It'll be just like in a book," she cried. For a married woman the F. C. is absurdly unsophisticated and youthful.

"We shall have to make an early start."

I meant this as discouragement; she took it as an added joy. "Yes, we'll creep out in our old things, with the milkman. Let's say nine o'clock, on Friday next, from here."

This seemed to clinch the matter. "Nine o'clock, on Friday next, from here," I repeated vacantly, and said "Good-by." My stock of tact and patience was exhausted. After all, I could solve the matter by forgetting.

I had nearly managed to forget. In all sincerity, on Thursday night, when I received a letter.

. . . "I hope," it said, "your costume is ready? Mine is quite a triumph. This is only to remind you. We start from here at nine a. m., wet or fine."

It was not quite closing time for telegrams, and I dashed to the nearest post office.

"No Antiquary's Paradise if wet," I wired. Falsehood comes so easy on a telegraphic form. Then I settled down to pray for rain.

"James," I said to the butler, "I may want calling at half-past seven to-morrow, if it's fine. But, mind," I went on very impressively—I hope I didn't wink—"if there should be one drop of rain, or any sign of drops to come, I shall not want calling until nine o'clock. You understand?" It would not be my fault if James failed to wake me.

My complacence was entirely easy when James came in next morning. I merely felt a little sorry for the Female Connoisseur, alone in all her finery.

"Half-past seven, sir," said James.

I leaped up. "What—" I began, in awful anger.

"Ah, the weather?" James continued. "It's just like summer to-day. A rare peace o' luck, sir. Not a cloud." He drew the curtain swiftly, letting in a light that hurt my eye. I trust that I said nothing.

I suddenly resolved to oversleep myself. But, somehow, I could not really sleep; and the thought of the F. C.'s disappointment came to weigh upon me. I determined to see the matter through. But one thing I would not do: I would not indulge her by putting on absurd, odd clothes, a dirty collar, and the rest. What was the use of it? She had said they would take us, then, for dealers. As though I could be mistaken for a dealer, or she, either! I put on an ordinary morning suit, and was at the F. C.'s house by nine o'clock.

She must have been most eager for the trip, for she was ready, and opened the front door. At a first glance I took her for the servant. A mackintosh coat of a disreputable age, a stained and napless skirt of serge, a cheap bead-chain, were the first things to strike me. The F. C. curtseyed.

"D'yer like me, Alf?" she smiled.

Such playfulness so soon after breakfast struck me as close upon immoral. Looking back, perhaps I was in rather an unpleasant mood. "I didn't notice anything different," I said.

The F. C. kept agreeable—she always does. "How like a man!" she laughed. "Not notice!"

I hate sneers at the sex. "I did notice your dress," I said, "but it's as usual. Look at the hat, now; that gives you away. No common person could ever—"

"Yes," she interrupted, pleasantly, but coldly, "I borrowed it from Liz, the kitchen maid." Then she stepped back. "Oh, but I admit you're better. The tie—the baggy knees—Oh, you're perfect!"

I said nothing. The F. C. rather annoys me, at times, when she is silly.

Of course, she was trying to annoy me. Over the journey I prefer to waste no words. Finally the market came in view.

A bare, unimposing place—cobbles, gutters, palisades, broken here and there by little crowds clustered round some treasure spread upon the ground. A close approach made the latter's nature clear. Villainous-faced men and women lolled against the rails, staring with lack-luster eyes at their stock-in-trade—oddments of rubbish in every possible variety. The purchasers-to-be, for the most part, displayed an equal lack of interest.

The F. C. was delighted. "What a fascinating place!" she cried. But I noticed that she kept her gloves on, and turned the fascinating treasures cautiously with the end of her umbrella. The sellers lowered on her in resentment. As a dealer she did not convince. Mentally they raised their prices.

Still she bought—bought, till I was laden—bought for the mere joy of buying. The meat market might be "The Antiquary's Paradise," but this Friday was clearly a day off. Her purchases included nothing in the least degree bearable, and not much that was antique. She had got a scent-bottle (to get a silver top at home), a table-bell, a heavy frame, and I had dissuaded her from a pair of massive candelabra. (The stallholders won't not deliver purchases.)

She was just discussing an old hat, designed for use on future expeditions. Suddenly she started back.

"Good gracious!" "Who'd ever'd—?"

"What have you seen?" I murmured anxiously. She was staring in horror down the lane of rubbish. I followed her gaze.

It was Mrs. Bardingham, a few yards off, sweeping along in the extreme of fashion.

"She must have read the same article," I whispered, secretly rejoicing.

Mrs. Bardingham raised her lorgnettes and scanned the F. C.'s costume coldly. "How d'ye do, my dear?" she said, languidly. "What a queer place! I didn't see your carriage," and she passed on.

"Cut!" hissed the F. C., if one can hiss such words. "Luckily I'm always smarter than she is, the old frump!"

"And lucky," I said, gently, "that I had got my decent clothes on."

I looked up, to see if I had got my own back on the point of clothes. There was a definite tear in the corner of the F. C.'s eye. Relenting, I grew sympathetic. Mrs. Bardingham was always vividly dressed, the F. C. always charming.

"I think we'll go," said the F. C. in bedragged tones. Probably I made some pretense of resistance, but it cannot have been too convincing. My spirits rose as we approached the exit. Once past the perilous crossing, where halt horses were being

"How D'ye Do, My Dear?" She Said, Languidly.

frantically pelloped with a view to sale, we should be clear of the vile place; and I knew that the F. C. would not drag me there again.

Suddenly she stopped. "Oh!" she cried.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I'm certain! Don't look! That article said Old Masters were quite often bought here. On that stall—oh, do be careful!—there is a Titian, I'm sure."

At last she let me look. The head was certainly dirty enough, the colors mellowed almost to obscurity. The F. C. was herself again. She attacked the man insidiously, asked the price of endless rubbish, and finally pointed with contempt at the Old Master.

The F. C. thought the price he quoted very reasonable.

She bore it off triumphantly, hugging it fam forward, hoping I think that some big dealer would make a noble offer for it, and suddenly some one did exclaim in surprise: "Hullo!"

We both looked up. It was Mrs. Fenton, smarter, if possible, than even Mrs. Bardingham.

"Been buying?" she smiled. "How original!"

"Yes; I've got an Old Master." The F. C. bubbled with pride.

Mrs. Fenton thought that she was jesting, and laughed a cool, rippling laugh. "Very old!" she said. "I always thought it so marvelous how Pears' Annual could afford to do it. Quite a gem, now it's varnished!" (She laughed again.) "I suppose there's nothing good here?" She was gone.

"She's envious!" said the F. C. "Of course it's old, isn't it? I wonder if it's signed? No. Well, they weren't alw— Yes, it is! Look! What is it? P—"

Unhappily there could be no doubt. Beneath the dim-toned varnish there was still legible, in bold handwriting: "Pears."

Neither of us spoke it; but the F. C. silently turned the picture's face towards her. Also she took a hansom home.

THE HERALD.

THURSDAY, JAN. 10, 1907.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

The thermometer at THE HERALD office registered sixteen degrees above zero at two o'clock this afternoon

CITY BRIEFS

City council meeting tonight.

A sudden drop in temperature yesterday.

Rain, rain, go away, has been the cry lately.

A great Summer's business is in anticipation.

Teamsters would like to see a good fall of snow.

The fight for the city offices is always interesting.

Last evening's event was the half of the bartenders.

Secret order events are of almost nightly occurrence.

The new board of assessors held its meeting last evening.

A reduction in the insurance rates is earnestly hoped for.

This is the quiet season for the carpenters and painters.

New England holds the record for sudden weather changes.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

There has been a record-breaking sale of overshoes this year.

The vest sweater is a very popular article of masculine apparel.

At Music Hall on Saturday evening; Nance O'Neil in "Magda"

There are some interesting measures pending in the Legislature.

Automobiles have been used to a considerable extent this month.

Local sports are already arguing about the Gans-Britt ring contest.

To Let—Tenement, 7 Hunking street. Apply at 81 Middle street.

Some interesting services are being held in this city during the Week of Prayer.

Fire department discussions have been heard night and day for nearly a year.

Police court cases have been few and far between since the new year came in.

Some of the rare varieties of oranges are gaining favor with the epicures of this city.

Portsmouth is highly favored in being able to see Nance O'Neil for the second time this season.

Nashua claims the record with 800 cases of the grip. The Second City is welcome to the honor.

The great show of the season: Nance O'Neil in "Magda" at Music Hall on Saturday evening.

Even at this early date, we are told that a most prosperous season at the Summer resorts this year is assured.

Nance O'Neil, America's leading tragedian, appears in "Magda" at Music Hall on Saturday evening.

Farmers say that there is no reason why apple pie should not be enjoyed in this section of the great pie belt.

Seats went on sale at Music Hall box office this morning for the appearance at Music Hall on Saturday evening of Nance O'Neil in "Magda."

The city council, it is hoped, will take some measures for the extermination of the gypsy and brown-tail moths.

Devotees of skating have had more opportunity this Winter than is usually given them to enjoy their favorite sport.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

FIRST MEETING

Of the New Board of Assessors Held on Wednesday Evening

The first meeting of the newly elected board of assessors was held on Wednesday evening at City Hall.

Besides the routine business, the board elected James A. N. Rugg chairman and Clement Waterhouse assistant chairman.

Don't think that piles can't be cured. Thousands of obstinate cases have been cured by Doan's Ointment. 50 cents at any drug store.

GRANGERS HERE

Pomona Members Assemble In This City

AS GUESTS OF STRAWBERRY BANK GRANGE

Degree Is Conferred On A Large Class Of Candidates

DINNER AT NOON AND OPEN MEETING IN THE AFTERNOON

In K. G. E. Hall and in Freeman's Hall this forenoon, afternoon, and evening are being held a series of Grange meetings in which the East Rockingham Pomona, composed of the fifth degree members of the branches of the order in this section, cooperate with Strawberry Bank Grange.

The principal events are the installation of the officers of East Rockingham Pomona and of the local Grange, and a banquet which was served at noon.

A business session of East Rockingham Pomona was held this forenoon, when the degree was worked on a class of candidates. After the degree work had been completed, the rest of the session was open to fourth degree members.

At noon the local Grange served a dinner in Freeman's Hall.

The following menu was served.

Lobster, chicken and salmon salads, cold turkey, baked beans, rolls, olives, pickles, celery, assorted cake, fruit and coffee.

During the banquet an orchestra consisting of Mrs. Mudgett cornet, Miss Mary Quinn, violin, and Miss Elizabeth Corcoran, piano, rendered very pleasing selections.

The installing officers for the evening will be James Drew, Past Master of Newington Grange, and daughter, Miss Florence Drew.

The following were the committees in charge.

Arrangements—Mrs. John Watson, Mrs. A. O. Benfield, Mrs. John Wright and Edward Paterson.

Reception—Ceylon Spinney, John H. Bartlett, Lamont Hilton, Clarence H. Paul and William E. Storer.

This afternoon, a public session will be held, and the Pomona officers installed by State Lecturer Richard Pattee of Plymouth. Mayor Hackett will deliver the address of welcome, followed by the Master, G. P. Smallcon, in behalf of the Grange.

The following is the afternoon program of exercises:

Piano solo, Miss Clara Jenness, North Hampton;

Invocation, Rev. V. E. Bragdon;

Greeting, George P. Smallcon, Master of Strawberry Bank Grange;

Response, John Lake, Master Pomona Grange;

Vocal Solo, Mrs. Alice E. Langley, Exeter;

Reading, George F. Richards, Exeter;

Piano Solo, Miss Alice Newton, Portsmouth;

Address, Richard Pattee;

Vocal solo, Miss Grace Wright, North Hampton;

Paper, Mrs. Blanche Shaw, Kensington;

Piano duet, Miss Gertrude Johnson, Hampton Falls, and Mrs. Alice E. Langley, Exeter.

In the evening the officers-elect of the local Grange will be installed and refreshments will be served.

The present officers of Strawberry Bank Grange are:

Master, George P. Smallcon;
Overseer, E. Paterson;
Lecturer, Mrs. A. O. Benfield;
Steward, A. O. Benfield;
Assistant Steward, W. H. Alvin;
Chaplain, Mrs. Susan Townsend;
Treasurer, Charles Wood;
Secretary, Miss Lizzie Currier;
Gatekeeper, Edward Cooper;
Ceres, Mrs. Lottie Paterson;
Pomona, Mrs. Ella Clark;
Flora, Mrs. Belle Wright;
Lady Assistant Steward, Mrs. W. H. Alvin.

The officers-elect who will be installed at the regular evening session tonight, are as follows:

Master, George P. Smallcon;
Overseer, Ceylon Spinney;
Lecturer, W. H. Alvin;
Steward, John H. Bartlett;
Assistant Steward, E. Paterson;
Chaplain, Mrs. Susan Townsend;
Treasurer, Mrs. Belle Wright;
Secretary, Mrs. Carrie Richardson;
Gatekeeper, Edward H. Adams;
Ceres, Mrs. G. P. Smallcon;
Pomona, Miss Sarah Dennett;
Flora, Miss Sarah Morrison;
Lady Assistant Steward, Lottie Paterson.

You Won't Get Fooled

If you take my advice on the piano question, for I shall then sell you a RELIABLE PIANO—an EMERSON for instance.

Cash or easy terms.

H. P. Montgomery,

6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

"The Original Portsmouth Piano House."

OFFICERS CHOSEN

By The Portsmouth Firemen's Relief Association Last Evening

The annual election of the officers of the Portsmouth Firemen's Relief Association was held in the common council chamber on Wednesday evening.

The following officers were chosen:

President, Frank S. Seymour;
Vice President, Joseph W. A. Kiernan;
Secretary, David E. Junkins;
Treasurer, Charles H. Kehoe.

Directors—Board of Engineers, E. J. Sullivan; Sagamore, No. 1, Thomas A. Moran; Col. Sise, No. 2, George E. Cox; Kearsarge, No. 3, H. H. Wallace; M. H. Goodrich, No. 4, Edward A. Weeks; W. J. Sampson H. and L., Elmer E. Green.

Finance Committee—Herbert A. Marden, Herbert H. Call, Herbert H. Wallace.

The amount of funds in the treasury is $4514.14.

A GOVERNMENTAL MIX-UP

Isles of Shoals In Lake Ontario Caused Trouble

A curious fact was developed in connection with the bill establishing a life saving station at the Isles of Shoals, which recently passed the House, writes a New Hampshire correspondent in Washington.

It seems that there are Isles of Shoals in Lake Ontario, and that the department had recommended to Congress the passing of a bill establishing a lifesaving station there some time ago. This bill was passed and became a law in the last Congress, the committee reporting it being under the impression that this bill was the one that was asked and was being urged by Congressman Sulloway, but the department having the establishment of the life saving station, instead of placing it at our own Isles of Shoals, as intended, favored the Shoals in Lake Ontario.

The matter is now straightened out, and the islands off the New Hampshire seacoast will soon boast of one of the best equipped life saving stations on the Atlantic coast.

FOR STREET COMMISSIONER

Surface Appearances Indicate No Election Tonight

The heavyweight politicians, who have worn a worried look since the caucus on Tuesday night, have been on the jump today. The result of the caucus in the makeup of a slate was not satisfactory to all and the work done today was in the interest of making things easy at the regular session of the council that takes place this evening. Some hard work was accomplished today, but what effect it will have will be known after the battle at City Hall.

The election of street commissioner promises to keep somebody busy tonight, unless the feeling has changed since Tuesday or the council stick by the men named at the caucus, there will be no man elected to the place for some time.

SUDDEN WEATHER CHANGE

The change in the weather of Wednesday caused quite a fall in the thermometer during the night. The glass this morning registered three below in this city, eleven below at Madison, five below at North Conway, eight below at Ossipee, ten below at West Ossipee and six below at Milton.

No actress in America has won greater or more deserved popularity than Nance O'Neil, who appears in "Magda" at Music Hall on Saturday.

PERSONALS

Frank and George Woods are passing the day in Boston.

K. T. Sanderson of Kittery has been visiting in Concord.

Boardman Randall is confined to his home on Islington street by the grip.

Former Congressman Martin L. Haines of Laconia has been visiting in this city.

John Farrell, John McGuinness and Benjamin Harrington are passing the day in Boston.

Miss Mary Garland of Vaughan street left today (Thursday) for Gloucester, where she will pass two weeks with relatives.

John Downing of Wall street, who has been ill at the Cottage Hospital, was removed to his home on Wednesday, somewhat improved.

Grand Regent and Mrs. Harry B. Yeaton were present at the ladies' night observance of Friendship Council, Royal Arcanum, of Exeter on Wednesday evening.

Herbert B. Dow and Frank Moulton are in Boston today (Thursday), attending the meeting of the executive committee of the Edwin Forest Club at Boston Tavern.

OBITUARY

William Beals, Jr.

The death of William Beals, Jr., occurred at San Francisco on Wednesday, after a short illness of pneumonia. Mr. Beals left here for Nevada shortly before Christmas to inspect a mine in that state and later went to San Francisco to pass the holiday.

There he was taken ill with pneumonia, which ended his life in less than a week.

His wife, formerly Miss Edith Melcher of this city, was summoned to his bedside and arrived shortly before the end.

Mr. Beals was forty-one years of age and a native of Boston. He was graduated from Harvard in 1886 and took up the profession of mining engineering. He was recognized as one of the leading experts of the country. He was a man who possessed a most cheerful disposition and had a wide knowledge of business affairs. His death brings keen sorrow to a large circle of friends and acquaintances in Portsmouth.

Besides his wife, his father and mother are left to mourn his loss. His body will be brought to the East for interment.

AT THE NAVY YARD

It is said that the gunboats Paducah and Dubuque will sail from here on the twentieth of the month. They will put into New York for a change in some guns and then sail for San Domingo.

Pay day for the mechanics and laborers today.

Constructor Stahl has been ordered to Bath Iron Works on temporary duty in connection with some changes ordered on the U. S. S. Chester, now being built there.

The fellow workmen and yard employes in general are pleased to learn of the speedy recovery of Albert Sheafe, recently injured by a fall in the construction joiner shop.

Quartermaster Edwards, who left here with the first detachment of marines for Cuba, will shortly return to his old place at the barracks.

One prisoner from New York came for the Southern today.

Lincoln D. Randall, second assistant draftsmen in construction and repair, has been promoted to first assistant, which carries an increase in pay.

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Regulets cure bilious attacks. 25 cents at any drug store.

THE JURY LIST

For Term Of Superior Court Beginning At Exeter On Wednesday

The following are the cases on the jury list for the term of superior court which begins in Exeter next Wednesday:

Cole vs. Elliott.
Raleigh vs. Rockingham County Light and Power Company.
Brunn vs. Sanborn.
State of New Hampshire vs. McAlpine and others.
Same vs. Thebault and another.
Grabfelder vs. Jonas.
Levine vs. Gale Shoe Manufacturing Company.
Bunker vs. Wyghtman.
Dearborn vs. Clafin.
State of New Hampshire vs. Bennett and another.
Same vs. Hogan and others.
Same vs. Cote and another.
Same vs. Sheridan and another.
Hartop vs. Rowe.
Jenness vs. Jenness.
Tilley vs. Rockingham County Light and Power Company.
Clough vs. Same.
Malchan vs. Roughan.
Jameson vs. O'Connor and another.
Goss vs. Marsh.
Bartlett, administrator vs. Loughlin.
Webster and another vs. Shortridge.
Lamprey vs. Jaques.
Perkins vs. Cole.
Gilman and another vs. Page and another, executors.
Towle vs. Earle.
Cole vs. Cole.
Brown vs. Same.
Hall and another vs. Same.
Magalotti vs. Gale Shoe Manufacturing Company.

MULLEN—KEARNEY

Wedding Ceremony Was Performed In Charlestown, Mass., Wednesday

Thomas Mullen, superintendent of James Roughan's wharf, and Miss Belle Kearney of Charlestown, Mass., were married on Wednesday by Rev. Father Phelan of Charlestown, the native city of the contracting parties.

The groom was attended by Michael Brennan, assistant to Mr. Mullen at the wharf here, and the bridesmaid was Miss Mary Kearney, sister of the bride.

After a brief wedding trip they will reside in this city.

POLICE COURT

Peter Smith and James Armstrong of Dover were before Judge Simes in police court today and pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness. They were fined $1.00 and costs of $6.90.

See Nance O'Neil in "Magda" at Music Hall on Saturday evening.

HAD YOU BEEN THEN, WHAT THEN HAD YOU BEEN?

Our Puritan forefathers—both men and women in ye Mass. Bay Colony—had grown so wealthy and viciously extravagant by 1634 that ye General Court issued ye following Blue Law:

"The court taking into consideration the greate, superfluous and unnecessary expenses occasioned by reason of some newe and immodest fashions, as also the ordinary weareing of silver, golde and silke laces, girdles, hatbands, etc., hath therefore ordered that noe person, either man or woman, shall hereafter make or buy apparell, either woolen, silke or lynnen, with any lace on it, silver, golde, silke or thread, under penalty of forfeiture of such cloathes."

This penalty, however, does not apply to the cheap, useful and necessary commodities of gas and electricity.

SOLD BY

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY LIGHT & POWER CO.

25 CENTS

Will buy a regular dinner at the

The Blue Front Restaurant

7 Vaughan Street

Give us a call and criticise our cooking, we think you will be pleased.

Meals at all hours

Octave Latourelle, Proprietor.

Frank Goings, Chef.

"LOW PRICES"

For this week we offer

Large Fancy Cabbage	75c per doz.
St. Andrew's Turnips,	75c per bu.
Russet Apples,	$1.50 per bbl
Hand picked Y. E. Beans	$2.00 per bu
	55c per pk

F. E. LOUGEE, 18 Daniel Street
Telephone 825-2.

ANNUAL MARK-DOWN SALE OF

MEN'S WINTER OVERCOATS

Today we begin our annual Mark Down Sale of Winter Overcoats. The prices have been reduced as follows:

$10.00 Coats now	$ 7.75
12.50 " "	9.75
13.50 " "	
15.00 " "	11.75
16.50 " "	
18.50 " "	14.50
20.00 " "	16.50
22.50 " "	17.50
25.00 " "	19.75

Prices Have Been Reduced on Our Fur and Fur Lined Coats.

F. W. LYDSTON & CO.

CLOTHES AND TOGGERY

Putz Cream

A SUPERIOR METAL POLISH.

25c half pints. | 40c pints. | 75c quarts.

A. P. Wendell & Co.,

2 Market Square.

SOMETHING NEW!

ASK TO SEE OUR

LUXEMOOR CARVED LEATHER VESTINGS

The Latest Novelty in the Market.

ALSO A FULL LINE OF SEASONABLE GOODS.

Chas. J. Wood, Tailor,

TELEPHONE 311-12.

Bargain Centre of Portsmouth

FOR

MATTINGS AND RUGS.

10 rolls of fine Velvet Carpet, good quality, price

90c Per Yard.

8 rolls of fine Tapestry Carpet, sale price

70c.

10 rolls of China Matting of all colors, regular price 30c, sale price

25c.

Rugs in 8-3x10-6 and 9x12, in best designs,

$13.50 to $40.00.

CALL AND LOOK T. EM OVER.

OLIVER W. HAM.